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## THE FANTASTIC NUDE HOSTAGE ESCAPE

(THEIR BREAKOUT TO FREEDOM  
DEPENDS ON A STRANGE STRIPTEASE  
IN AN ALGERIAN PRISON CELL)

## THE U-BOAT PLOT TO KIDNAP THE U.S.S. BUCKLEY

(WITH THEIR RAMMED SUB DANGLING  
FROM THE DESTROYER'S BOW, GERMAN  
CREWMEN POURED ABOARD IN A  
DESPERATE HAND-TO-HAND BRAWL  
FOR POSSESSION OF THE  
US NAVY SHIP)

**TRUE Book Bonus:**

## DEATH MARCH RESCUE SQUAD OF WILD MAN CAPT. LANCE

(FROM UNDER THE GUNS OF THE  
RED EXECUTION PITS, HE  
SMUGGLED OUT 200 CON-  
DEMNED MEN AND WOMEN)



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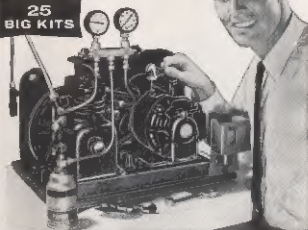
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COVER BY MORT KÜNSTLER

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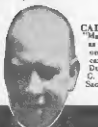
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# MEDICAL ROUNDUP

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**HOW SICK IS SICK?**—After 15 years of checking out patients at a clinic in Wisconsin, authorities have come to the conclusion that more than 50% of all physical complaints are emotional in origin. To point up their findings, the doctors list the nine most commonly treated ailments—and the percentage of them found to be mental in origin: Back-of-the-Neck Pain—75%; Fatigue—90%; Gas—90%; Constipation—70%; Headaches—80%; Dizziness—80%; Skin conditions—30%; Pain in Gall Bladder Region—50%; Suspected Ulcer Pains—50%.

**SUICIDES CAN BE STOPPED**—Every 26 minutes an American citizen takes his own life. Every 2½ minutes, another makes an attempt to do away with himself. While the legal aspect of suicide is dealt with in most civilized countries by making the attempt a crime punishable by law, it still remains the problem of the doctor to do something about preventing the act. Doctors must be prepared to recognize the tendencies in their patients, then attempt treatment along the lines of approach used in any other illness they come across. They must dig out the causes and try to eliminate them before the disease erupts into fatal consequences. The doctor must develop compassion towards any patient afflicted with the "will to die" and not brush it off or condemn it. Only by getting to the roots of the patient's discontent can he begin to wipe out the 20,000 self-inflicted deaths that are racked up in the U.S. each year.

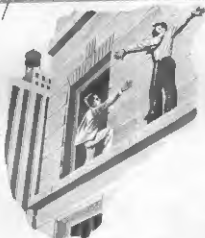
**WHIPLASH RACKET**—If insurance companies ever ran a popularity contest, high up on the list of potential winners would be a Washington, D.C., surgeon who recently exploded against the common auto accident injury known as "whiplash." "Whiplash"—which is an injury unlisted in any medical dictionary—is a term used to describe a sudden backward jerk of the head that causes damage to the neck. This is an injury that follows when a car plows into the rear of the one in which the victim is riding. However, according to the doubting doctor, "whiplash" is nothing more than a temporary indisposition—with no real injury to muscle, nerve, tendon or bone—and can be classified as malingering and self-delusion. Not only that, he claims, but on the basis of "whiplash" patients he has examined, 90% of all such injuries will disappear within six weeks—if legal settlement can be quickly obtained. Of course,

there are a great many doctors who will be quick to disagree with this radical viewpoint—and a hot medical controversy is a good bet to develop, with the stakes at an all-time high—the millions of dollars shelled out each year by insurance companies across the country.

**SURGERY UNDER GLASS**—A revolutionary technique—operations performed with the aid of a microscope—has opened the door for surgery never before possible to perform. For instance, doctors can now give their eye to a microscope and attempt the following kinds of procedures: 1. Reconstruction of small arteries in the legs of patients suffering from arteriosclerosis; 2. Operations on newborn infants involving structures hardly visible to the naked eye; 3. Correction of fertility problems involving blood vessels which, up to now, were considered too small to work on. So highly developed is the new microscope-surgical technique, that it is now possible to take as many as 20-25 tiny stitches in joining blood vessels hardly thicker than a pin.

**DOCTOR'S PLAN TO SAVE THE WORLD**—With everyone else popping off with proposals to end the threat to world peace, one of the world's leading neurophysiologists has come up with a medical suggestion for easing international tensions. Since the fate of the world hinges on the public statements of the leaders of the East-West blocs, why not make each submit to a truth serum or lie detector test every time he sounds off? By pinpointing his "on the record" quotes as either "true" or "false" the rest of the world can then know how serious he was in mouthing them. If this idea ever caught hold, it would do away with the necessity for arms inspection, spying and quite possibly would lead to the selection of a doctor as Secretary of State.

**LIGHT BEGINS AT 40**—Running a series of tests on 200 people in age groups from 5 to 85, a Boston eye specialist reports that the effects of glare on vision increases with the years. As a matter of fact, at the age of 40, there is a sharp increase in the sensitivity to glare, which becomes more marked as the years go by. To overcome the loss in visibility, the contrast between the object and the background must be enhanced or the size of the object to be viewed must be increased. What causes the sensitivity to glare is the increased opacity of the lens of the eye which develops with advancing age.



# BIG JOB BOOM FORECAST!

## Can You Get Ready in Time?

Right now job opportunities are tight all along the line. Economists now predict a period of mild ups and downs. Look for the "big break" to come in the next three years, they say. That's when good jobs will open up as never before. And men who are preparing themselves now will ride the crest of the boom.

### DARK OUTLOOK FOR UNSKILLED WORKERS

Those with little or no training will find the going tough. Fewer openings. More competition for existing jobs. The tide is against the unskilled worker. It's getting stronger. Nor will the boom help. The new opportunities will go first to the skilled, next to the semi-skilled.

### BIGGEST DEMAND IN THESE FIELDS

What's ahead? According to the best estimates, here are the industries due for the sharpest employment rise: Heavy transportation equipment. Mechanical, electrical, chemical, aeronautical and highway engineering. Industrial electronics.

All metals. Business services. Natural gas and oil. Paper products. On the other end of the scale, employment may lag in agriculture and leather. Check the trends in your field. Are you prepared to switch, if necessary?

### GETTING YOURSELF READY—NOW

All the experts agree: Education, skill, specialized training will net the greatest rewards in the coming boom. The time you spend improving yourself is perhaps the wisest investment you can make right now. Your future success and happiness could hinge on your mastering a certain subject or acquiring a special skill. But there are obstacles. You may have a family to support. Or a job to hold down. You may feel you're too old to learn.

### HOW I.C.S. CAN HELP YOU

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## editor's notes

### DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

To the Editor:

In your *Medical Roundup* (FMO, Feb.) your author describes how the doctor today is a combination "psychiatrist, minister, confidant and big brother." He is so right. All this, however, takes its toll.

I read recently in a reliable survey by a top medical research outfit that the highest incidence of heart disease by profession occurred in the field of medicine.

Surprisingly, the second and third highest were bartenders and barbers. The lowest were laborers. Does go to show, doesn't it, that the more you worry on your job, the sooner you die? Everybody tells their problems to their doctor, their bartender or their barber. Those earbenders live forever.

Dom Giradello  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

### WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE

To the Editor:

Your author, Emile C. Schurmacher, states in his article on Pyotr Bogdanov (*Boss of Russia's Prison of No Returns*, FMO, Feb.), that Commander Crabb, though officially listed as dead, is actually alive and working for the Reds as a specialist in underwater demolition.

Yet, recently Sir Francis Rose of the British Admiralty released a statement to the press saying that Crabb was not captured, nor was he murdered! Rather, he drowned through an accident caused by defective equipment

while on a reconnaissance mission near a Russian cruiser in Portsmouth.

Who am I to believe in this case?

Max Patrick  
Horsham, England

► Our author, Mr. Schurmacher, checked out the facts very carefully and we suspect that Sir Francis' statement was more for policy than anything else. Obviously, no one is talking. It is one of the truisms of espionage that a government should not admit anything.

### CAN-CAN

To the Editor:

In his letter to the editors (*editor's notes*, FMO, Dec.), Mr. Siegel pooh-poohs canned milk and asks to what purpose it can be put.

I am writing to say that canned milk is one of the best discoveries of the food industry. Being stationed on a remote island in Alaska serviced by one supply plane a week (weather permitting), we have to have food which will keep for long periods of time. Canned milk answers the problem, and it's a whole lot better than the old powdered milk, I can tell you.

Lt. Charles Carper  
720th Avcon  
Seattle, Washington

### A HUNTING WE WILL GO

To the Editor:

How does one go about getting a permit to dive for the \$2,000,000 worth

of treasure still buried at the bottom of Manila Bay (*Sailors Who "Looted" \$4,000,000 From Japan*, FMO, Feb.)? I would love to have a go at all that loot.

T. Whittier  
San Francisco, Calif.

► You could certainly get permission through the U.S. Government and the Philippine Government. However, you must remember that you would have to share the recovered loot—providing, of course, you could bring it up. Don't forget that much of that silver is scattered all over the bay, having been dumped in wooden boxes, and recovery costs would probably be excessively high.

### HOLD THOSE TIGRESSES

To the Editor:

After reading Gil Mauberley's hair-raising story, *My Captive Year With The Free-Love Amazons of Formosa* (FMO, Feb.), a brilliant idea occurred to me.

Why not round up those murdering savages, arm them with modern weapons of war, and turn them loose on the China mainland? They would pave the way for a return of Chiang-Kai-shek's forces within a year, and strike terror in the hearts of the Chinese Reds.

You could probably induce them to go by just pointing out how plentiful the supply of fresh meat would be. It might sound like a crack-pot scheme, but I'm sure it would work.

Jerry Kelley  
New Bedford, Mass.





## Has shop in basement—gets "more and more work all along"

"I HAD PRACTICALLY no knowledge of any kind of repair work. One day I saw the ad of NRI in a magazine and thought it would be a good way to make money in my spare time. Now I am busy almost all my spare time and my day off—and have more and more repair work coming in all along. I have my shop in the basement of my home."

—JOHN D. PETTIS,  
172 N. Toben, Brodley, Illinois

# IF YOU'VE BEEN WANTING TO START "A LITTLE BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN" IN YOUR BASEMENT OR GARAGE

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- ☐ **STEADY DEMAND** for your services. Over 400 million appliances in U.S. — 6 million sold last year alone — mean shortage of trained appliance service men.
- ☐ **NO ELABORATE EQUIPMENT NEEDED** — just simple hand tools, and Appliances Tester which we provide at no extra charge.
- ☐ **START SMALL — GROW BIG.** You can start out in your own basement or garage, in spare time. Gradually expand until you open your own shop.
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- ☐ **NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE OR TRAINING NEEDED.** We tell you and show you everything you need to know, in plain English and clear pictures.

IF YOU'RE like so many men today, I you've been "hankering" to start "a little home business of your own." In spare time at first, then maybe full-time later on. Something you'd enjoy — and that pays well. Something that fills an existing need in your neighborhood or town — that "sells itself," without any high pressure arguments — that doesn't take a big investment or elaborate equipment.

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Tester which we provide at no extra charge. You can work anywhere—in a corner of your basement or garage, even on the kitchen table. If you like, you can open up your own shop, have others work for you. And you can save money by fixing your own appliances.

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Free Sample Lesson shows how simple and clearly illustrated our instruction is—how it can quickly prepare you for a profitable future in this big field. Mail coupon, letter, or postcard to: National Radio Institute, Dept. G1C1, Washington 16, D.C. (No obligation — and no salesman will call on you.)

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—Yours  
at No Extra  
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Your NRI Course comes complete with all the parts to assemble a sturdy, portable Appliance Tester that helps you earn while you learn. Easy-to-follow manual tells how to assemble and use the Tester right away. Locate faulty cords, short circuits, poor connections, etc. in a jiffy; find defects in house wiring; measure electricity used by appliances; many other uses.

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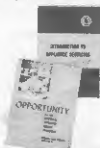
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# SHORT SNORTS



"Yes, I have a steady boy friend."

The old maid awakened with a start to find a stranger ransacking her room. "Don't be scared, lady," he said. "All I want is your money and . . ." "Oh, go 'way," the spinster snapped. "You're just like all the other men."

■ ■ ■

A Hollywood leading man came from a small southern town and a fan magazine, doing a life story on him, sent a reporter to the little town to dig up some local color.

The writer sought out the star's old neighbors to learn how the local boy was regarded by those who had known him all his life.

"Does he ever come back to visit?" he asked a neighbor.

"Oh, sure," said the native. "He's been back several times."

"And did his wife come with him?" asked the reporter.

"Every time," was the reply, "and six prettier girls you never did see!"

"Above all," the psychiatrist admonished the nurse, "as you take these two patients for a walk about the grounds, you must not let them get excited for any reason."

But as luck would have it, as soon as they stepped outside, a passing bird let loose and the result landed right on the top of the bald head of one of the patients.

"Now don't get excited," the nurse said hurriedly. "You just wait here and I'll run back inside and get a kleenex."

"She's crazy," the first patient said to the other as she ran away. "That bird will be two miles away by the time she gets back."

■ ■ ■

One street-walker to another: "What do you give your daughter on her eighteenth birthday?"

Answer: "The north side of Main Street."

The guest at an exclusive country club was stark naked in a shower stall of what he thought was the men's locker room, when he heard three female voices discussing what a man's clothing was doing in the women's locker room.

Wrapping a towel about his face to conceal his identity, he rushed past the startled women and out the door, grabbing his clothes on the way.

"Well, it certainly wasn't my husband," the first woman said indignantly.

"He wasn't mine either," added the second.

"My goodness," chimed in the third, "he wasn't even a member of the club!"

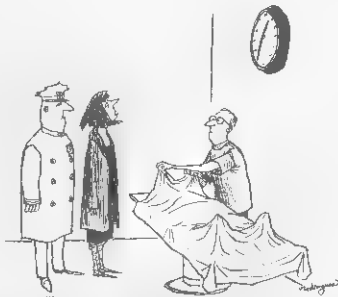
■ ■ ■

A business man went to his doctor to get a prescription for sleeping pills, only to find out that he was allergic to sedatives.

"What about some of that twilight sleep I've read about?" he asked.

"Oh, that's only for labor," said the physician.

"Damn it!" growled the executive, "don't you have anything for management?"



"I suppose the insurance company's closed."

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to FOR MEN ONLY, 635 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

# DEATH MARCH RESCUE SQUAD OF WILD MAN CAPT. LANCE

From under the noses of the Reds' Execution Platoons, the "Spanish Pimpernel" smuggled out over 200 men and women condemned to death during the prelude to WW II.

by C. E. Lucas Phillips

"Down on your tummy, jinks," Christopher Lance ordered his wife as the bullets peppered the walls and smashed the windows of their Madrid flat. When the fusillade had ended, Lance crept cautiously to the window and looked below. Gangs of men were racing about in the streets below, waving red banners acclaiming Soviet Russia, firing guns at random targets and shouting insults against the soldiers who revolted against the central government.

"It's going to be a long, dirty war," Lance muttered to his wife crouched in a corner.

The date was July 18, 1936, the start of the three-years Spanish Civil War.

Later that night, the Lances watched six convents burning. Wherever one turned, there were murderous scenes against a background of flame. Opposite, six men suspected of having right wing sympathies, were being led off to their death by a hastily organized Anarchist outfit who supported the government.

The next morning Lance strolled through the smouldering city to his office. An engineer by profession, he was currently employed in a firm responsible for much of the important road building in Spain. A large, craggy-faced man of 43 years, he had served in the First World War and later in

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE



As Franco advanced, Loyalists piled prisoners of both sexes into trucks and took them behind lines.

Art by Al Rossi

TRUE BOOK BONUS



The Spanish Pimpinel was published  
in book form by Wm. Heinemann,  
Ltd., C.E. Lucas Phillips, 1960.



Jubilant and undisciplined supporters of the government ran amok through Spain, herded off to rat-infested prisons all soldiers found in uniforms.



Mass execution pits were used by the Communists for any suspected Rebels.

## DEATH MARCH RESCUE

Kerensky's White Army forces against the Bolsheviks in Russia. He had seen uprisings throughout the world, in Chile, Argentina, and Bolivia. This he knew would be worse. Among the rubble, he saw the shattered bodies of young children.

At his office, he was met by a group of Englishmen working in Madrid, who had decided that something would have to be done for the protection of the British community. The Embassy, situated in the Calle de Fernando el Santo, was at that time shut. There remained only a Consul, whose resources and personal qualities were unequal to the demands of the situation.

A committee was formed and the word passed round to the British community. The response was astonishing. Instead of the estimated 350 or so British subjects in Madrid, some 600 swarmed into the Embassy.

Hundreds of people suddenly remembered that, on some unknown date, they had been born in a British ship or in Gibraltar. A great many could

not speak a word of English and a few had even been known as actively anti-British. Nonetheless, the scene as all these came together was one of acute pathos. Bewildered old men, anxious women, children on the edge of fear, and sick of all ages were among them. Many of these unhappy women had seen their husbands shot before their eyes by the militiamen simply because they were suspected of being Fascists.

Then occurred the first bombing raid that the inhabitants of Madrid had been so much dreading. It was only a small affair. Franco sent over a few aircraft which dropped some light bombs, but the anticipation of it was sufficient to cause terror to the more unstable elements sheltered in the Embassy. To lance the cries of these women and children were more distressing than the crash of bombs.

News came from Whitehall that the Royal Navy would send HMS *Devonshire* to Valencia to take off the refugees and Lance accordingly made arrangements with the government, the railway and the police for their safe transport to the coast. He found the Republican authorities co-operative and he took special advantage of the opportunity to cultivate relations with the Security Police (*Seguridad*), whose friendship was to be invaluable in the days to come.

To his surprise, when the moment came for their escape to safety, only a handful of the refugees wanted to go; they felt safe in the Embassy and feared the journey through left-wing territory. In his perplexity, he sought out Jinks and said: "You'll have to go, old girl."

When it came to the point, however, only four or five other British women accompanied Jinks on the special train on July 30. At the station they had a terrible time at the hands of a gang of ruffians, who, seeing an old lady in the party



**EDITOR'S NOTE:** Christopher Lance and his wife Jinx were no strangers to adventure before their heroic escapades in the Spanish Civil War. An engineer by training, he served with honor in WW I, fought the Bolsheviks in Kerensky's White Army and worked in construction projects through South America and Europe. His wife accompanied him everywhere his job called him. Today,

they live cliff-top in the Channel Isles, remembering without rancor the people who oppressed them brutally, and, more important, the two hundred lives they saved.

wearing a cameo brooch and believing it to be a religious symbol, practically stripped her in public on the platform.

The example of these few, however, had its effect, for, when it was known that they had got through to Valencia safely, there was a rush of applicants and five days later Lance, to his great relief, got off a train-load of about 500.

Over all the city fear had now laid its chilling hand. No one with known right-wing sympathies, of whatever class, could venture into the streets without peril to his life. No one dared in public reveal his adherence to the Church. Professional men who had not declared for the Left and were engaged in the direction or management of every kind of business, together with their families, went into hiding. Acute shortages of every kind of commodity began further to increase the strains of life. In the windows of shops, usually so well stocked, the notice "Nothing of nothing" was soon ironically displayed. Food became scarcer and scarcer and before long there was no milk, no eggs, no butter, no meat, no fresh vegetables. Water was cut off for long periods.

Soon after the troubles broke out Margery Hill, the head of the American-British Hospital, telephoned Lance to ask if he would call on two young girls whose brother had been arrested. He did so, finding them in a state of great anxiety over their brother Manolo, who was only seventeen. Lance did his best to cheer them up and then went straight off to see the chief of the *Seguridad*, who gave him certain advice. Before very long, to the great delight of the girls, Lance was able to inform them that he had been given a promise of Manolo's release.

Late one stifling afternoon a day or two later Lance was told that the girls had called to see him while he was out.

Reaching their flat he found them both in great

distress. Salud, the younger, spoke for them. "Captain Lance," she said, "we are in anxiety about Manolo."

"About Manolo, Salud? But they have promised to release him."

"We know very little. Only that a person from Paracuellos del Jarama, a village about eight miles away, came to us this morning"—Salud's voice sank almost to a whisper—"and told us that he thought Manolo had been buried there last night. He saw a big grave and a lot of bodies and he thought Manolo was among them. Will you go out to Paracuellos, Captain Lance, and find out if it is true?"

"Certainly I will go there for you, but how am I to find out if he is buried? I do not know Manolo."

"If you will ask the local people, I think they will know. You see, we have no one else to help us. We cannot ask any Spaniard to go, for fear he may get killed too. But you are British and will come to no harm."

Lance, recalling the saying that the British were supposed to be bullet-proof, was not so sure and did not at all like the assignment. But he asked the girls for a detailed description of their brother, promised them he would do all he could and took an uneasy leave.

Very early next morning, he drove out north-eastward to the village, which stood on high ground just beyond the Jarama. The sun was only just up. Not a soul was to be seen. Lance drove slowly into the silent village, stopped his car close to the church and got out. There he met a wrinkled, nut-brown peasant, smelling strongly of garlic. Lance greeted him cheerfully and asked him if there had been any shooting there.

With some caution, the peasant replied: "Not here, señor."

"Somewhere near?" (Continued on page 39)

During the three-year siege of the city, Franco's daily bombing raids sent the *Madridinos* dashing for shelter.



A favorite escape scheme of Lance's was smuggling out men and girls to England disguised as casualties of war.





# THE U-BOAT PLOT TO KIDNAP THE U.S.S. BUCKLEY

by Chester Kominski

The sub was dying, but while they waited for her to sink, the Nazis poured



The night of May 5th, 1944, was bright and moonlit. The Atlantic, for once, wasn't choppy. And the destroyer escort Buckley's target, a surfaced German U-boat, was almost in spitball range. Furthermore, the U-boat's crew apparently didn't even know we had sneaked up on them.

So we were grinning and cocky. Any way we figured it, that U-boat was at the end of its career. If we didn't blow

it to bits with our three-inch rifles, our depth charges would do the job.

Our first volley tore its forecastle off, along with a Nazi officer who, having belatedly discovered our approach, was waving his arms hysterically and barking something in a speaking tube.

But instead of making an (Continued on page 78)

Yank sailors grabbed firearms, and rushed for their battle stations to head off the invading submarine crewmen.

Art by Jim Mitchell

onto the destroyer's decks for the Atlantic's wildest brawl.





With the odds more in their favor than you think, the house must win. If you beat them for a night, don't come back.

# Are You a Get-Rich-Quick SUCKER?

by Sandy Spillman

Sgt. Patrick Cooper, 25 years old, stood waiting for his train on June 18, 1953 in crowded Penn Station in New York City. Under his arm he carried a large envelope containing his discharge papers. He patted his bulging wallet in his jacket, containing over \$2,000 that had piled up while he was prisoner of the Chinese Reds in Korea, and grinned happily.

"What train you taking, fellow?" a tall, middle-aged man dressed conservatively in a business suit asked.

Cooper eyed the man a moment, then satisfied, replied, "Train for Atlanta."

"Well. That's the train I'm taking myself," the man said jovially. "Name's Joe Harrison and I'm on my way for a business trip. Little company will help kill time."

A minute later, Cooper and Harrison struck up an acquaintance. Harrison was a little vague, but seemed to

remember a distant cousin of Cooper's who practiced law in Atlanta.

"Hell, we got another fifteen minutes to kill," Cooper's new friend announced. "Why not flip coins and kill some time?"

Cooper debated this offer for a minute and was just about to agree when another stranger sitting nearby arose from his bench. "Overheard you fellows talking. Need a third?"

"Sure," Harrison answered immediately. "Why don't you bring your suitcase over here? Thieves all over the place."

As the newcomer went to retrieve his suitcase, Harrison winked at Cooper and whispered hurriedly, "Let's take the pigeon. You flip a head every time and I'll flip a tail. We'll win all the tosses that way."



**Thinking ■ buying stocks, ■ car,  
taking out a loan, or just hitting a  
casino for a few hands of poker?  
If so, here are 20 ways America's  
con men might gang up to rob  
you of a billion dollars per year.**

Cooper hesitated a minute. Hell, why not, he thought. Civilians been taking it easy while I've been fighting. Bringing his suitcase over, the newcomer joined in the game.

Twenty minutes later, Cooper began to get nervous. Although the stranger hadn't won a toss, neither had he. Well, they'd split his dough later. Almost \$600 of his and \$700 of the stranger's was in Harrison's pocket. Three hundred and fifty apiece clear profit.

"You're born with a horseshoe in your mouth," the newcomer exclaimed with annoyance. "I quit." Cooper and Harrison watched him grab his suitcase and move away.

Harrison drew Cooper in the corner. "Worked like a charm, buddy boy," he smiled, reaching in his pocket.

Suddenly, a voice behind (Continued from page 54)

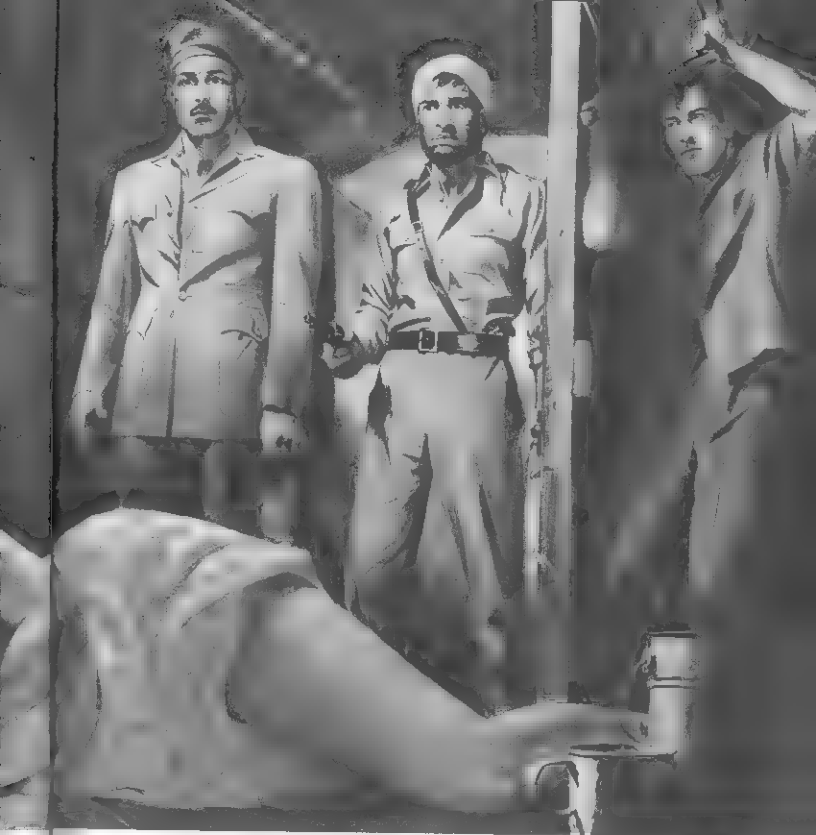


**Biggest headache for Post Office is flood of defective products—including explosives—shipped through mails.**

**Kidnapped in reprisal during the height of Algerian terrorism in Oran, two men and a beautiful woman pinned all their hopes for a breakout to freedom on the strangest striptease ever performed.**



# **THE FANTASTIC NUDE HOSTAGE ESCAPE**



As their two Rebel guards stared at the tall blonde reclining on the floor, ■ Brecque flattened himself.

Art ■ Walter Pope

### by George La Brecque

I could not decide whether I was blind or whether the place in which I regained consciousness was so dark that I could see nothing. A pneumatic drill hammered away until I thought my brain would explode. I tried to lift my hand to my forehead and a sharp-edged rawhide thong bit into my flesh.

I heard someone groaning in the dark and called out, "Hello, hello. Who are you? Where are we?" My voice

was hoarse, my throat dry and painful. No one replied, but the groans continued.

I tried to move my legs and found that they were just as firmly lashed together at the ankles as my wrists were lashed together behind my back. I was trussed up like a chicken for the spit, lying half on my side, my body protesting at every movement.

My head began to clear slowly, as I tried to recall the

PLEASE TURN PAGE



Because she can identify her captors Mule, Danielle Filuk's marked for death.



La Brecque, before his capture, was a croupier in Oran's gambling casino.



## FANTASTIC NUDE HOSTAGE ESCAPE

events of the evening. There was little to recall except that I knew I had been taken for a ride by the girl I had met in the Café d'Oran on the Rue de la République in Oran. I shouted in the intense darkness, "I am going to get even with that bitch!" But there was no answer.

All I could remember clearly was meeting a girl in the café—one of those ten cents a dance girls. She told me her name was Vivienne and that she had come from Marseilles to work in Oran as a restaurant hostess. Now that I looked back on the matter I did not believe anything of what she said. I should have known she was a phony.

She was about 22 or 23 years old, a brunette with almost coal-black eyes and full sensuous lips. I bought up the rest of her time and we sat drinking French wine at two dollars a bottle until after midnight when I asked her if I could go along to her apartment.

"It will cost you twenty dollars," she said.

She asked to be excused and went off in the direction of the women's powder-room and returned after fifteen minutes, smiling. She had a light, imitation mink wrap around her suntanned shoulders and low-cut V-fronted evening gown revealing full sun-tanned busts. I was on vacation for ten days in Oran from my job in Tangier, with only one idea in mind—have me one wild spree.

"I live quite nearby," Vivienne said as we stepped onto the sidewalk on this hot April, 1960 night. Some Algerian and Arab riffraff were touting picture postcards of nude women and tickets for a Maltese sweepstake. I brushed them aside and pushed on with the girl on my arm.

We came to an alleyway, dark and dismal like most streets and alleys in Oran. A few French legionnaires stood talking on the corner. One whistled at my girl but I wisely ignored it. Two gendarmes armed with pistols and a soldier carry-

ing a light quick-firing rifle came by as we walked further. I never felt safer in my life even though Oran seethed with unrest. Only the night before two bomb outrages in the city had killed five Arabs, two Frenchmen and a French child.

Near the bottom of the alley, just before it joined up with the Rue Bretagne, the girl stopped and inserted a latch key in a door, pushed the door open and invited me in. She walked ahead along a dark passage and mounted a stairway much like the stairway of some tenement in any city's poorer quarters.

Her room was quite well furnished with a single well-sprung bed and pretty green coverlet. There was hot and cold running water, a wardrobe and dressing table, and a window overlooking the Rue Bretagne. Vivienne turned the key in the lock, dropped her wrap and turned to me. In a moment I had enveloped her in my arms and felt her small sharp teeth biting into my lips, then she pushed me away. "Let us have a drink," she said, and moved to a cabinet from which she took a bottle of cognac.

I watched her with mounting passion as she poured two generous helpings of cognac into two sparkling clear glasses. "You drink, darling, while I go and change into something more comfortable."

I picked up the tall stemmed glass and said, "To you!" She smiled again, a coy half-inviting smile and moved to the wardrobe while I sat down on the only chair, a deep armchair, sipping at the cognac as I watched her undressing slowly, deliberately, like a woman who knows how to undress.

Exactly when the drink bit me between the eyes I don't know. I must have drunk about three-quarters of the two or three liquid ounces of cognac before I felt the room spinning around me. I tried to take a grip on myself: I felt the glass slipping from my fingers and falling to the floor. I vaguely remembered saying to myself,





French Legionnaires move in cautiously to make sure a terrorist caught throwing a bomb into a cafe is dead.

"She'll get small change out of me. I've only got about thirty dollars on me. I never carry much money." Then my world blacked out and when I started regaining my senses I felt the blackness around me, so thick you could put your hand out and touch it.

I had no recollection of how I got to be where I was or what had happened. I must have passed clean out from the doped drink. But why did the girl not follow the usual routine of Oran, rob me and have her bodyguard, or pimp, remove me to be found drunk and robbed in some park?

"She was a damn fool," I said aloud, unthinkingly. "She took me to her room; I could and will take the police there after I have paid her a personal visit."

"Monsieur," I heard a woman's voice. "Monsieur, pouvez-vous me donner quelque chose contre a..." she lapsed into hysterical weeping.

I said, "What is it, Madame? How much pain have you? Can you come to me?"

The woman said in the jet black darkness, "I cannot come. I am tied up. I am in great pain. You can help me, yes?"

I said, "I am sorry, Madame, but I, too, am tied up. Where are we and why are we here?" I heard a loud groan from nearby.

"We are prisoners of the rebels," the woman said through her tears. "I think they mean to kill us."

My eyes were slowly becoming accustomed to the darkness. I could make out some forms on the floor that looked human in shape. I struggled to sit up although stabs of pain shot through my legs, arms and whole body with each movement. I wriggled my wrists a little but there was no flexibility in the thongs. I did not know then, but found out soon, that rawhide thongs made from camel skin were used to tie our wrists and ankles, so that if we struggled they would tighten instead of easing off.

(Continued on page 48)

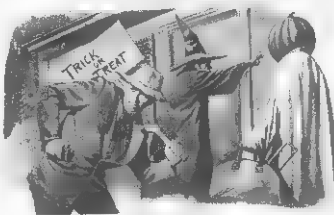


Tense crowds wait for van to remove body of Algerian executed by the Rebels for collaborating with French.

# LAST MINUTE

## COPS AND ROBBERS:

While we're talking about COUNTERFEITS, Canadian sharpsters are doctoring, dime-a-dozen coins to LOOK LIKE RARE ONES. Then they send OUTRAGEOUSLY LOVELY GIRLS to dump them on goggle-eyed hock shop owners, pretending they're busted and "HAVE TO PART WITH MY POOR DEAD DADDY'S COIN COLLECTION. . . ." Hong Kong cops GREAT ON SOLVING KIDNAPPINGS, but someone has yet to find something to curb a compulsion these same cops have FOR HOLDING UP GROCERY STORES IN THEIR SPARE TIME. . . .



It happened last Halloween: Burglars dressed up as TRICK-OR-TREAT KIDS, rang doorbells, made note of houses where no one was home, CAME BACK LATER AND BUSTED IN. . . .

Make sure your attorney knows juries, and you CAN KILL ANYBODY YOU WANT and beat noose, chair and gas chamber. STATISTICS SHOW fewer and fewer citizens willing to play the eye-for-eye game; even the psyches who just love to watch people die HAVE A 100-1 CHANCE OF GETTING OFF. On the other hand, statistics also show beating the supreme penalty isn't all roses. TO SALVE THEIR CONSCIENCES, JURIES COME THROUGH WITH STIFLING JAIL SENTENCES INSTEAD. . . .

The following is chilling, but true, and ask your neighborhood cop if you don't think so: YOU'RE LAYING YOUR LIFE ON THE LINE WHEN YOU MOVE INTO AN APARTMENT BUILDING WITH SELF-SERVICE ELEVATORS. Any nut can get off on your floor, do anything he wants to you and your family. And the way this kind of operator GOES TO WORK ON KIDS AND WOMEN, well. . . . If you wondered why FEWER TEEN RUMBLES AND KILLINGS last summer, don't credit it to police preventive action as much as to COOL WEATHER. . . . Your local cut-rate drug man may be selling as cheap as he does because he's GIVING YOU COUNTERFEIT DRUGS—pills, powders, etc., manufactured

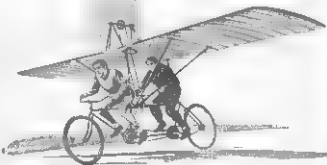
in somebody's cellar, but made to look like NAME BRANDS. Federal drug men fighting a losing battle on this one so far. FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION, look into it yourself. . . . The Czechs don't play easy with SPORTS FIXERS as we do. Recently 80 guys drew terms up to six years for simply phonying scores, one BICYCLE BALL PLAYER included. . . .

## THE RUGGED MALE:

The Winchester crowd feels their new FIBERGLASS SHOTGUN BARREL is so tough that all they ask you NOT to do with it is USE IT AS A CROWBAR. . . . Most versatile TAIL PIECE in all nature belongs to the ALLIGATOR. In water, it's his propeller. On land, he can club a man to death with it. In ROMANCE, he woos the lady alligator by RUBBING HER STOMACH WITH IT. . . .

It sounds easy, and is supposed to be impossible, but two English guys are going to try anyway to BUILD, FLY AN AIRPLANE POWERED BY PEDALS AND HANDCRANKS. If they make it go 1/2 mile, they collect a boodle. In fact, it's a standing offer by a British aero society, ANYBODY CAN TRY. . . .

You should chew your game warden out till he bleeds, and turn him in if that doesn't work, if he goes EASY ON FISH AND GAME GLUTTONS WHO TAKE MORE THAN THEIR LIMIT. In the long run, it's the honest hunter who gets hurt. Many hunt clubs running tests: a member goes out, PURPOSELY OVER-SHOOTS while the warden's watching. They have a lawyer waiting to explain his case if he's caught, RAISE HELL IF HE ISN'T. . . .



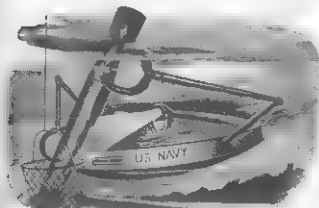
THIS IS THE KIND OF MAN YOU MUST BE TO QUALIFY FOR SOUTH POLE DUTY: ambitious and unscrupulous, but with enough fragments of responsibility to MAKE YOU PULL FOR THE CROWD IN THE CLUTCHES. Men who are just plain competitive rock the boat. . . . Don't expect your pup to UNDERSTAND A WORD YOU SAY, EVER, unless you say the same thing for the same command every time you say it. Not "sit" one day, then "down boy," the next. . . .

# MEMO FOR MEN

## THE GIs:

INSIDE THE ARMY PROVING GROUNDS: A new electronic tube, something like the one in your living room TV. Function: to GIVE NIKE MISSILES A SUPERSENSITIVE TRACKING nose that ferrets out and destroys enemy hardware EVERY TIME. . . .

INSIDE THE NAVY LABS: A huge mechanical crab for recovering unexploded torpedoes. Has CLAWS, LIGHTS, TV SCANNING CAMERAS, is remote controlled, and works best at depths of 2,000 feet. . . .



INSIDE OF HANGARS: The Sikorsky S-60 helicopter, literally the SKYHOOK everyone's dreamed of. Hauls up seven tons at a hookful, lands on land, water, ice, snow, swamp. A superhook copter is planned, will LIFT AN INCREDIBLE 50 TONS, more than a B-47, a Sherman Tank, or an LCI weigh. . . .

Those CAVE MAN BRUTES were the first to dabble in chemical warfare: flushed animals out of nests with SMOKE OF GREEN WOOD FIRES. . . . "RED EXPRESS," if you ever hear the phrase, is the signal that will flash over the Armed Forces radio network if war ever comes. . . .

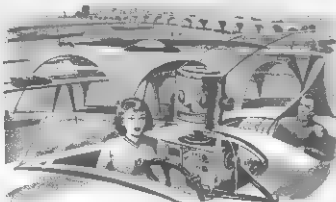
Stow that talk about the LAOTIANS, our toughest buddies in southeast Asia, going Communist. The army, EQUIPPED WITH GI STUFF, is with us all the way, and handling Red rebel bands quite nicely, thank you. . . . And while we're on our Asiatic allies, this is what the Reds from the mainland will run into if they get grabby about FORMOSA: 500,000 of the most FIGHTING MAD CHINESE YOU EVER SAW, trained to bayonet-point sharpness, and if it's any indication of how good they are today, THIS IS THE BUNCH THE CHINESE REDS COULDN'T BEAT TEN YEARS AGO, EVEN WHEN THEY WERE HANGING ON THE ROPES. . . .

It's not the most widely accepted opinion, but more and more top Pentagonians are buying the idea that the RUSSIAN FISHING BOATS all over Alaskan waters aren't REALLY

SPYING after all. THEY'RE LOOKOUTS, posted to warn of anyone nosing into the Kremlin's NEW SIBERIAN GOLD FIELDS. . . . Operation Deep Freeze now in year #8, and for some reason, swabbies all over the 7 seas are clamoring to be among the 1,250 who'll live WOMANLESS LIVES at the South Pole this year. . . . Brow up a really FOOLPROOF SHARK REPELLENT, and the Navy'll support you like a French mistress for the rest of your days. They're frankly desperate, now experimenting with the intestines of SEA CUCUMBERS. . . .

## THE FAMILY BUGGY:

You deserve every bad thing the USED CAR VULTURE sticks you with if you don't do this FIRST THING: Move that car back a FULL LENGTH, and check for FRESH OIL AND WATER SPOTS on the ground. One drop water means radiator shot. One drop oil means bearings, transmission shot. Either one also means DON'T BUY. . . . Renault of France was first with AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION in 1903. . . . In case you were bugged to know, there are 700 plus kinds of TAILPIPERs now belching foul smells all over the U. S. No single shop stocks 'em all. . . . We're becoming a more FRUGAL NATION OF CAR OWNERS: Average age of all buggies on the road is 5.71 years. Last year, average was only 5.62. . . . Use your head about the NEW CAR VULTURE who hangs big signs, "UNDER FACTORY COST." Nobody can sell under cost, and stay in business. If he DOES QUOTE YOU AN UNDER-COST FIGURE, he's a crook, and he's getting it from you some other way. This warning comes from the auto makers themselves. . . . NEXT MONTH IS



SPRING. You know what that means: OIL, DRAIN ANTI-FREEZE, BRAKES. . . . Within 20 years, the industry boasts, you'll have COLLISION-PROOF CARS. Electronic robots will steal control of the car from the driver IN MOMENTS OF CRISIS. . . .

continued on page 38



# THE MAQUIS SPY WHO WRECKED PARIS' PARTY-GIRL HOUSES

**Forced to play up to members of the German Intelligence in her role of glamorous double-agent, she hated only one thing more than Nazis—the women who willingly sold their bodies to them.**

**by Myron Brenton**

January 12th, 1946: Four-thirty, A.M. A middle-aged woman dressed in a chic, grey suit walked briskly ahead of five special detectives down the almost deserted Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris. A bearded, shabby rag collector, rummaging in an ashcan, looked up as she passed and waved with recognition. "Still putting the poor working girls out of business, Madame Richard?" he taunted. The woman ignored him, although two of the younger detectives smiled.

Reaching a shabby building near the Café Dupont, named appropriately *Hotel du Plaisir*, the woman silently signalled a halt to the five men behind her. "You had better have one man check the back entrance," she whispered. "I don't want their pimps getting away."

Reluctantly, one of the detectives reached into his coat, withdrew a Mannlicher 7.62 from his shoulder holster, and walked to the alleyway adjoining the hotel. When he was out of sight, Madame Richard impatiently ordered the biggest of the four remaining detectives toward the hotel's door.

Throwing away his cigarette, he asked the woman. "You are sure, Madame Richard, that there is a brothel in this hotel?"

"Positive," she answered firmly.

The detective nodded. Taking a short running start, he hurled his shoulder against

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE





Prostitutes themselves demonstrated in Marseilles to protest Mme. Richard's law closing down the brothels.

## THE MAQUIS SPY

the door which splintered with a crash. In a second, the four detectives raced past Madame Richard into the dimly lit lobby and quickly mounted the stairs.

Stepping backwards toward the curb, Madame Richard watched as lights flashed on throughout the second and third floor. She could hear the confusion of shouts and oaths above her. A window on the second floor flew open and a young girl dressed only in panties and bra made a move as if to jump, but an arm grabbed her around the waist from behind and dragged her back into the room.

Five minutes later, eleven sleepy-faced young girls in various states of undress stumbled out of the hotel through what was left of the door. Directly behind them, eleven men, trying to shield their faces with hastily snatched garments, followed. Standing in a circle, they waited as a police

van roared down the street and pulled up to the curb. A gendarme, gun drawn, jumped from the cab, opened the back of the wagon and motioned the prisoners into the van.

As one of the men reached the curb, he saw Madame Richard for the first time. "Bitch," he screamed as one of the gendarmes prodded him forward with a tap in the kidneys. "They'll find your body floating in the Seine before long."

Madame Richard smiled for the first time. "Yours is not the first threat I've received, you know." Then, staring at his bare legs protruding from the red-faced man's trenchcoat, she continued, "You'd better hurry into the wagon. You're liable to catch cold in this weather."

Two weeks later, a well-known attorney, one who specialized in springing pimps and prostitutes, came to call on Madame Marthe Richard.

"Madame Richard, you're getting to be more beautiful each day," he began gallantly. "If I were not happily married—"

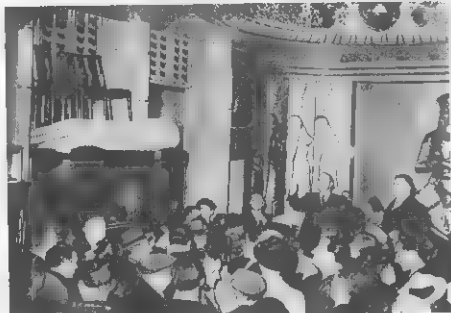
Marthe did not ask him to sit down. She surveyed him coolly from behind her desk. "Beautiful, am I? Some of your friends have been calling me an ugly, neurotic hag who hates men," she remarked. "What do you want?"

The lawyer reddened and ran a finger under his collar. He had come prepared with a few more flattering phrases, but he saw it would be useless to employ them. He decided to come to the point—almost to the point. "If I could be assured of your discretion," he began hesitantly.

"You don't want me to tell anyone that you're paying me a visit. You don't want anyone to know the subject of our conversation. Very well, I'll keep your name out of it. That's all I'll promise you."

The attorney nodded, knowing he could trust Marthe's word. "Certain friends—that is to say, certain interested parties—are prepared to . . ."

"I see," she cut him off. "How much?"



Forced out of business, Paris' most luxurious bordello, Sphinx, held a four day auction to sell out their vast collection of erotica, mirrors and beds.



New law proved ineffective as girls took to the streets to solicit johns.

"One million francs." He sighed and mopped his brow. The bluntness of this woman threw him off balance.

"Thank you, monsieur, that's all I wished to know." She strode rapidly to the door and opened it. "You have delivered your message. You may leave."

The attorney shrugged and picked up his hat. On his way out, he murmured, "Do not try the *milieu's* chivalry too far, Madame. The brothel-owners' syndicate is well-organized."

Marthe took this unorthodox visit in stride. During her very next public speech before her fellow town councillors in city hall, she thundered against the city's 178 licensed bordellos, 6,600 *puteurs*, and 10,000 *maquereaux*. "They wish to give me one million francs if I'll cease my campaign. But they'll learn. My voice is the voice of France's conscience, and they can't silence it! France is the only big country in Europe that still keeps bordellos. Paris must regain her place as the first capital of the world. I will not rest until our city is cleansed of these stinking sewers which are a shame to our country and to the world."

In a land of gifted speakers, her voice was particularly eloquent. For one thing her work in the Resistance had made her a national hero. For another, she made sure to appeal to a wide variety of factions. To the women of France she stated that prostitution degraded the entire feminine world. To government authorities she showed statistics that proved the disease rate was shooting up alarmingly. Not even the homeless were left out. Organized prostitution, Marthe insisted, "monopolizes 6,000 rooms needed by more decent folk."

But the real reason for her hatred of prostitution became apparent when, with a voice filled with loathing, she reiterated her pet accusation: "The brothels are filled with Nazi-lovers. All during the war prostitutes sold themselves willingly



In a move intended to halt Mme. Richard's crusade, the syndicate brought her to court on trumped-up charges.

to the Germans—not only sold their bodies, but any scrap of military information that might give aid and comfort to the enemy. Yes, I am saying—and I have the proof—that the *maisons de tolerance* were centers of collaborative activity with the Germans!"

People began to listen—and the *milieu* began to view her with even more than a million francs' worth of alarm.

Her friends became concerned for her safety. "They are taking bets about you in the Pigalle bistros," Girard, an old companion from the Resistance, warned her.

"What kind of bets?"

"The *maquereaux*. They are betting whether you will be found flopping in the Seine or in the Bois de Boulogne. Like this." Girard sliced his finger across his throat expressively. (Continued on page 61)



To save wear and tear on shoes, the girls often stood before the cafes.



When streetwalkers clogged up the avenues, detectives cracked down.



Low-paid shop girls, working as part time pros were also netted in raids.





**WOMEN AT WORK:** Along with men, they sweep streets, operate cranes, buses and steam rollers—even shine shoes.

# **A TOP EXPERT ANSWERS 50 QUESTIONS EVERY AMERICAN ASKS ABOUT RUSSIA**



**COST OF LIVING:** It costs less for a Russian family to live than an American, but there's less to buy for its rubles.

**by Irving R. Levine**

former NBC correspondent in Russia and author of "Main Street, USSR"

**1—How does the cost of living of an average Russian family compare with that of an average U.S. family?**

It costs an average Russian family less to live than an average American family. But there's less for the Russian to buy for his rubles. Few Russian families own automobiles, a refrigerator is a rarity, and only 3,000,000 television sets have been purchased in the U.S.S.R. com-

pared to over 50,000,000 sets throughout the United States of America.

However, there are certain expenses that comprise a major consideration in the American's budget which do not figure at all in the Russian's. The principal item is rent. It's not at all unusual for an American to allot one-third of his income to rent. Soviet law, by contrast, provides that rent can never be more than five percent of the wage

PLEASE TURN PAGE

## 50 QUESTIONS

of the head of the family. Usually it's less. Of course, the Russian's apartment very frequently consists of only one or two rooms for a family of five persons, and he may have to share a kitchen and bathroom with several other families.

Similarly, in computing the cost of living, the Russian does not have to worry about putting aside money for medical emergencies. All medical care is state-administered without fees.

Another item in counting the cost of living that is missing in Russia is education. Since ■ colleges and other institutions of learning are free, parents don't save for their children's education.

The average Moscow factory worker earns about \$80 a month. In everyday expenses twenty dollars will go a long way in Russia if it's used for certain things and only a very short way if spent for

obtain a visa to enter the U.S.S.R. as a tourist for a period not exceeding 30 days. It's a rare case, indeed, when an applicant for a tourist visa is turned down.

As far as the United States Government is concerned, anyone who wants to go to Russia as a tourist has permission to do so. Restrictions on travel by Americans to the U.S.S.R. were lifted on October 31, 1955. An American passport can be obtained by applying by mail to the State Department, Passport Division, Washington, D. C., or at the Passport Offices which the State Department maintains in New York and other large cities. The passport is the document issued by the United States Government that permits you to leave the country and return. A visa is permission from a foreign country to enter that country. The best



**DATING:** Although the official code of behavior is severe, what goes on out of sight is a different matter.



**RED VIEW OF U.S.** Despite the public anti-Yank demonstrations, men in the street privately express friendship.



**WEDDINGS:** Church marriages frowned upon, so couples wed in state provided "Workers' Marriage Palaces."

others. Twenty dollars amounts to 200 rubles when computed at the rate of exchange at which Americans and other foreigners are permitted to trade their dollars. At this rate of exchange, a very small chicken—barely enough for two to eat—would cost about a dollar and a quarter. A watermelon would cost three dollars; two oranges would cost a dollar. Meat, fruit and some vegetables are expensive. A small chocolate bar which costs five or ten cents in the States costs about fifty cents in Russia. However, bread, cabbage, and potatoes are very cheap.

### 2—How does one go about arranging a visit to Russia as a tourist?

It's a simple, almost automatic, matter now to

way to get a tourist visa is to write (or go in person) to a travel agency for copies of an application form.

It's necessary to arrange your itinerary *before* setting out. Wandering fancy free is not permitted in the Soviet Union. About 30 Soviet cities are now open to tourists—giving the visitor a wide choice—from the old imperial capital of Leningrad (formerly called St. Petersburg) ■ the exotic, central Asian city of Samarkand.

Travel to Russia still is expensive. Besides the fare of getting there and back, count on spending from \$7.50 to \$30 a day, depending on the class of accommodations you choose, for room and food.

### 3—Is it safe for an American who was born in Russia (or whose parents were born in

Russia) to go there as a tourist? Is it safe to visit relatives in Russia?

The Soviet Government does not recognize that a person born in the U.S.S.R. may change his citizenship without a special act of the Kremlin's legislature, the Supreme Soviet. This has led to a fear on the part of some naturalized citizens of other countries, born in Russia, that if they return to Russia as tourists they may not be permitted to leave again. However, if the tourist holds an American, British, Canadian, or other foreign passport this is a needless worry. Nonetheless, the State Department has contributed to this fear by replying to inquiries from Russian-born Americans with a form letter intimating that the former Russian would best stay at home and warning that



**NIGHT LIFE:** Nothing uproarious like the high living of Paris or New York, but a pre-dinner drink can be had.



**MOSCOW SUBWAY:** Moscovites consider ornately decorated stations and trains one of their top tourist come-ons.



**MEDICINE:** In general, Russians concentrate more on mass medicine, not on individual's particular problems.

the Soviet Union does not recognize a change in citizenship. Legally this is the case, but in practice Soviet authorities have treated Russian-born American tourists no differently than any others, and all have been permitted to leave Russia whenever they wished to. This is the situation that exists today.

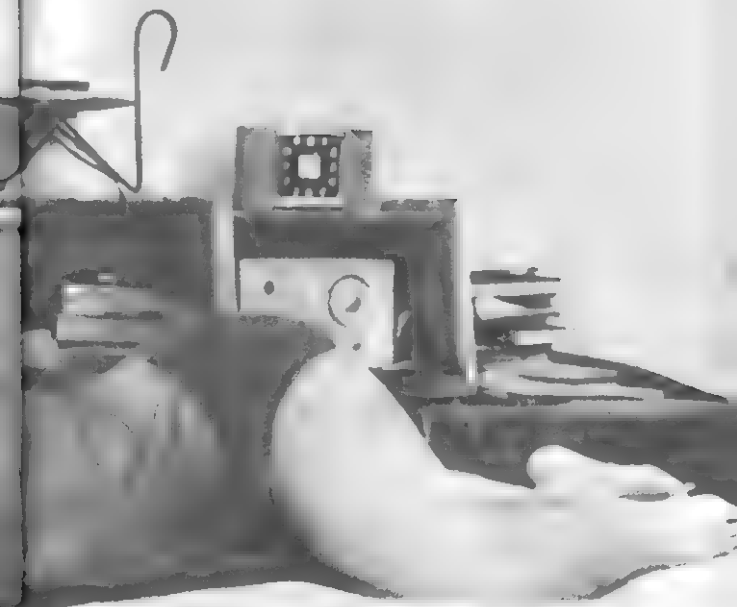
Before you set out for Russia for the purpose of seeing relatives, make sure that your relatives want to see you. During the era of Stalinist terror any contact with a foreigner was dangerous for a Russian. Now many Russians are ready to renew ties with relatives living abroad in non-Communist lands; many have done so. However, there have been heartbreaking cases when Russians have simply refused to have anything to do with even brothers and sisters who (Continued on page 66)

**RELIGION:** Openly practiced in fewer and fewer churches, the Party is discouraging it by any means available.





## ***MOTHER CHECKS OUT***



## ***ALL MY MEN***

*"The one thing I can't understand is why my dates take off like a Polaris Missile," says starlet Lisa Gibson, "when I take them home for my Mom's inspection."*

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*"They all suspect Mom wants to find out about their intentions," continues Lisa,*

*"It's not true. She just wants to recruit them into her Elvis Presley fan club."*



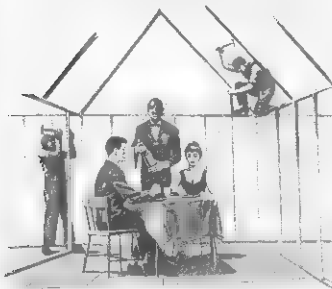
# LAST MINUTE MEMO FOR MEN

continued from page 11

## THE BANK ACCOUNT:

Unless you just can't bear NOT keeping up with the Joneses, wait until the end of the season, just before new models arrive to buy the NEW CAR, REFRIDGE, WASHER, ANYTHING. Dealers always unload the old cheaply to make room for the new. . . .

**HOMEBUYER'S GUIDE:** Hit the broker or agent for A GOOD FEED, at least, at a good restaurant. The competition's so stiff today, most realty men are glad to do at least this, JUST TO HAVE YOU COME AND LOOK. . . .



PAY TV will cost you \$130/yr. . . . It's not written in any of the RULE BOOKS, and there's no FORMAL POLICY on the subject, but CIVIL SERVICE EXPECTS MORE, MUCH MORE FROM GIs WITH GOOD RECORDS than from anybody; Reason: CS figures these men have more natural leadership qualities and likes them to show it. . . . It's not true, not true, not true that if you GET A BAD BUY, YOU'RE STUCK WITH IT. From cake mixes to Cadillacs, if you're not happy with it, write a FIRM, BUT SENSIBLE BITCH LETTER TO THE PRESIDENT OF WHATEVER COMPANY. Nine times out of 10, YOU'LL SEND THE FRONT OFFICE INTO A SPIN and they'll have a guy out to you with a barrel-full of APOLOGIES AND ADJUSTMENTS. One soap outfit sends a nice man who AUTOMATICALLY REPLACES WHATEVER SOAP PRODUCT YOU'RE MAD AT WITH SIX FRESH ONES. . . .

If you know where to look, you'll find our UNCLE SAMMY STILL IN THE GIVEAWAY BUSINESS. Homes at Opa Locka, Florida, for instance, formerly built for Navy families, and worth 12-15 Gs on civilian markets, RECENTLY WENT FOR AS LITTLE AS \$2,500. One St.

Petersburg auction men handling many Florida deals for the government. . . .

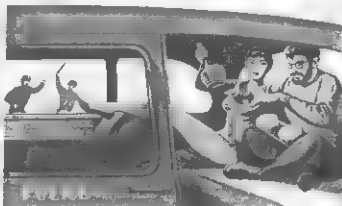
## THE WOMEN:

Everybody in Germany with a dirty mind is still wondering what went on recently at a STRANGE, CLOSED-DOOR VICE TRIAL involving 13 of the BIGGEST SHOTS in the country. Some 31 under-17, but over-sexed doll-babies tropped in to testify. One detail did leak: a MASS STRIP POKER MELEE in which ALL the girls had to shed something every time ONE of them lost a hand. . . . In TEHERAN, it's OK for mom and the kids to BEAT HELL OUT OF THE OLD MAN if he mouths even one peep about divorce. . . .

NIAGARA FALLS hotels happily foot the bill for all beds caved in by HONEYMOONERS. . . . The GIs who really know their way around say WASHINGTON DC is the capital of the WORLD'S WORST-LOOKING WOMEN. . . . There's a new ORAL PENICILLIN supposed to work miracles with gonorrhea. Some docs prescribe taking it BEFORE going out on the prowl. . . .

One of the possible reasons advanced by sociologists for the LOW IRISH BIRTHRATE: Some 47 per cent of them are NEVER COMPLETELY NAKED with each other even after marriage. . . . The John no CALL GIRL wants any truck with, the girls themselves declare, is the just-divorced HUSBAND, or the just-out-of-jail CONVICT. . . .

Liquor most always works good, but you'll GET MORE OUT OF THE GIRL WITH LESS OF IT, simply by being a gentleman and asking her for another date BEFORE you ask her back to your pad for a drink. MAKES HER FEEL



WANTED, the brain farmers point out, and there's nothing that says you have to keep the date. . . . You just don't score with a Frisco North Beach or Greenwich Village BEAT CHICK these days unless you've got the guts to sneak her into POLICE CARS while the cops are having coffee and cake. . . .



## Rescue Squad of Wild Man Lance

Continued from page 15

"Yes, not far. Less than one mile, I would say."

"Do you know where they were buried?"

"Oh yes, I helped to dig the grave. I was ordered to do so by the young men, señor."

"Will you show me?"

The peasant agreed and, as the sun rose with orange light, they made their way down a cart-track away from the church, through dry dusty fields. Round a bend in the track Lance was brought up sharply at a long, low mound.

"Were you present at the burial?"

"Yes, señor; I helped to fill in the grave."

"How deep is it?"

"Not very deep. We dug it in a hurry."

Pacing the length of the mound and allowing for three bodies deep, Lance calculated that at least forty men must lie beneath that sinister barrow of freshly turned earth. A matter-of-fact way, he gave the peasant a description of Manolo and asked if he had noticed a body answering to that description. The peasant nodded slowly and said that he was pretty certain of it.

Sally Dagger Lance walked back to the car and returned to Madrid. There was a terrible scene. The girls broke down completely. Almost equally distressed, Lance was relieved to be able to escape. The whole episode and the girls' distress made the deepest possible impression on him. The callousness of such barbarous mass-murders shook him. It was, as he said to Margery Hill afterwards, "an absolute eye-opener to me." He began to ask himself if there was a way in which he could circumvent these abominations by self-appointed committees?

THE thing moved step by step. Lance had learnt from the peasant that shootings took place usually at about midnight, but that the corpses were not buried at once. He determined to learn more about these events, he drove out from home next morning while it was still dark and arrived at the gravel pit as day was breaking. It was very cold and there was a gloom at the side of the road lay twenty-five corpses, one of them a middle-aged woman. They had been shot all over the body and arms but for the greater part at breast height and, after falling, wounded or dead, had been finished off by a revolver bullet fired close up to the head. Most of the dead were unrecognizable.

Driving his car further on in the half-dark, he stopped and kept watch from a little way off. Soon after daylight he saw a truck drive up and stop at the gravel pit. Three men jumped out, let down the tailboard of the truck and threw the corpses in. The truck then drove off and Lance followed at a cautious distance.

To his surprise, the corpses were not taken at once to a burial pit, as Manolo and his fellow victims had been, but to a building in Madrid, where they were unloaded and carried in. Seeing people go in and out, he went

in himself and discovered it to be an extemporized mortuary.

Inside, the spectacle that confronted his eyes was enough to test the stomach of the most callous man. Some 80 corpses lay on the floor, bullet-ridden by untrained marksmen. Nearly all were males. The place stank.

Lance cautiously questioned a man in a boiler-suit who appeared to be attached to the place and, his British armband a shield against suspicion, was told readily enough:

"Oh, yes, comrade. These are all criminals who have been executed. We show them here for twenty-four hours, so that they may be claimed by their relatives. We must be fair."

"Fair indeed," thought Lance sarcastically. He made his way out of the abominable charnel-house in savage mood. What staggered him most, however, over and above the cold-heartedness of the whole business, was to find that already, in mid-August, after only a month, the record of slaughters had reached a fearful total of more than 10,000.

THREE days later he took the Chief of Police out for a more informative talk.

"Of course, we know all about these 'executions' *mi capitán*," he was told; "in fact, we provide lorries to take them away."

"Then, why at night? Sounds suspicious."

"Not really. You see, these executions are not strictly authorised and the comrades who carry them out naturally want to remain anonymous and unrecognised."

That night, Lance obtained some confirmation of this curious story. The word of what he had done for the two girls began to be whispered round among the Nationalists like a "bush telegraph." He began to get other requests, sometimes at second-hand, sometimes directly from some agonised wife or mother. This day a woman entirely unknown to him telephoned to entreat his help. Her son had disappeared and was believed to have been seized. Lance promised his help.

Pursuing his line of information, he drove out at midnight northward along the Burgos road and, a few miles out of Madrid, turned down a sunken lane, driving slowly with his headlights full on. As he rounded a curve, the cutting became deeper and his headlights fell full upon a sinister scene that he was never to forget. Clearly revealed in the white beams of his lamps, a long line of men was ranged against the bank of the road, their faces a line of white masks facing outward to the road. They were about to be murdered. Opposite them were several armed men.

Lance did not recognize the man he looked for, so he drove on for about half a mile, turned round, and drove back a little way with his lights off. He had scarcely stopped again before the stillness of the night was shattered by the prolonged drumming of machine-gun fire, ended by one ragged burst. A minute later came the crack-crack-crack-crack as the backs or sides of the victims' heads were blown off by revolvers

The discovery of those two slaughter-pits quickly led to that of others. Of the grass bank behind the Prado Museum, Lance already knew. From Margery Hill he heard of nightly shooting a few hundred yards from the hospital and this information led him to discover a shooting-pit at an excavated bank where the Stadium had been built. Yet another was quite close in the New University, where the site used was an excavation for a building under construction. Thus there were five that Lance matched, and the slaughters went on at the rate of 2,500 a week.

A year later, just after Lance had disappeared from the scene, the British, American and French Governments made an agreed estimate that the total had risen to 60,000, a very large proportion of them being working-class people.

To move from the passive attitude of identifying dead bodies to the more positive one of saving the living from death was obviously but a mere step.

He wanted first of all to discover the sources of supply of this enormous quantity of machine-gun fodder and it was on another visit to the two girls that he got the clue which led him finally on to the right path. What the girls told him on this visit was that their brother Manolo had apparently been officially released from prison on the very night that he had been shot.

Pressing this line of thought, Lance sought again his friend the Chief of Police, and from him he learnt the horrifying fact that whenever the Government, or the police themselves, or a trade union, wanted to be rid of one of the prisoners, but did not like to accept responsibility for official execution without trial, they would order his "release." The releases were always made at night and as soon as the unfortunate man left the prison doors he was pounced upon by the waiting militiamen, who had also been deliberately informed, and carried off to the death truck waiting at a rendezvous.

All this information immediately gave Lance an idea. He felt tremendously elated and saw Margery Hill at her hospital.

"I've got an idea, in which I want your help. It's about these prison releases. How can we find out when a chap is going to be let out?"

"Well, I suppose the *Securidad* would know, but we could hardly ask them."

"I'm not so sure. Look here, Margery, you know that little fellow at the *Securidad* who often comes up here to have a cup of coffee and a cigarette with you?"

"You mean the one they call Carlos?"

"That's the chap. I'm sure he is to be trusted."

A FEW days later, while Madrid stifled in the heat of the last week of August, Lance had his first news of an intended release and made a cursory reconnaissance of the prison. It was a large convent, commandeered and converted to prison use. A few militiamen were hanging about at the door. Having made up his mind, he went back a little later, in a car borrowed from the Embassy, and left it outside the door of the prison. He walked in, and found himself in a large hall, in which there was a counter. He went up to the man at the counter, making a great show of a bundle of Embassy papers that he had brought with him, and said:

"Good morning, comrade, I am Captain

Lance, attaché at the British Embassy. I've come to take 'Rodriguez' away. There has been an order for his release."

The man at the counter played dumb.

"Then be a good fellow and make enquiries; I'm certain his release has come through. And please tell the Governor that I should like a word with him if he can spare a few minutes."

While he waited, Lance wandered about the hall, chatting inconsequently to the guards in his slow, deep voice. He wanted to make himself prominent so that he should be known again, deliberately behaving with breezy cheerfulness and quite unlike a Spaniard. The Governor appeared quite soon.

"That is quite right, *no capitán*," he said to Lance. "I have had an order for the release of Rodriguez, but have not yet informed the staff. I will have him sent for at once."

There followed a long wait of half an hour or more. Lance was feeling very much on edge, wondering if he could pull the thing off, but he put on his most cheerful air. After a time there appeared in the background a figure with a brown paper parcel under his arm, white-faced and visibly trembling with fear. Lance said, "Come along, Rodriguez!"

Not until they got to the address that he was at last gave did Rodriguez believe his extraordinary good fortune. He was a perfectly blameless bank clerk with a wife and three children somewhere, starving and in despair.

The news of what he could do spread like wildfire. More and more wives and mothers, of all classes, came or telephoned for his help. Appeals soon became a daily occurrence.

To enable himself to move about freely, Lance took careful calculated steps to arm himself with a very impressive pass issued by the Public Works Department (*Obras Públicas*). It was stamped also by the Embassy and Consulate, by at least six workmen's syndicates and by the War Office, where he found the basement full of Russian General Staff officers under General Goriev, who had arrived in September and had begun at once unobtrusively to dominate Republican military councils.

Armed with this, he set out on a series of visits to different parts of the country to the North and the West of Madrid, swarming about the countryside in grey flannels and sports shirt, his flag on the car's bonnet, making each trip a picnic.

Once, he had the hard luck of being held by Franco's soldiers for three days, but was returned to Madrid via France after giving assurance to Franco in a private interview that he would try to liberate General Moreno's son who was being held by Loyalists for a possible exchange.

Armed with his pass, Lance resumed also his occasional visits to the front. The heightened tempo of operations, however, made this increasingly difficult, and he had no wish to be bagged again by Franco's forces, though he only narrowly escaped when, on another visit to the Guardarramas, he was pinned down by an unexpected machine-gun which opened fire as he turned a corner.

For these purposes he took pains to cultivate relations with all sorts of officials, police and militiamen. With all these he got on uncommonly well. They liked his frank and open manner and his cheerful and confident laugh and, as a foreign neutral, he was outside those considerations of politics and of personal hatred which alone normally cloud the charm of the Spanish character.

Under the more dangerous conditions in the city there were now a good many more British subjects, or those who claimed to be such, who were anxious to get away. After the evacuations by train in the last week of July there had been a steady trickle of further applicants. Their names had been noted and they had been told to return to their homes and wait. As their numbers had mounted, Lance, again taking the initiative in these matters, had suggested to Forbes, the head of the Embassy, that, there being no more trains, they should be evacuated by road convoys. Forbes heartily approved and asked Lance to take charge of the operation. Christopher eagerly agreed.

He threw himself into his new task with his customary enthusiasm. He recruited the colourful Fernanda Jacobson, an energetic Scotswoman who led an ambulance brigade as an ally and she promised to bring along one of her ambulances. Margery Hill also gave Lance her valuable aid, lending him the hospital's big, black Chevrolet.

Thus prepared, Lance began his convoys, making for palm-fringed Alicante on the Mediterranean, where Forbes made arrangements for the refugees to be taken off in British warships when available.

Leaving the Embassy in the bitter cold of two in the morning, when Franco's guns habitually sent a brisk scattering of shells into the city, the evacuees, crowded into the comfortable lorries, had an exhausting journey. To complicate matters, they would often come suddenly upon one of the innumerable posts where the boiler-suited guards brandished their weapons and demanded passes. Lance, however, had again equipped himself with a document that would impress any sentry. Few of them could read it, often scrutinizing it upside down, but the rubber stamps and the red ink were all.

In Alicante, Lance found laughter had ceased and town and harbour were in the grip of the Anarchists. They had just murdered José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the old dictator and founder of the Falange, whose name is today publicly commemorated all over Spain. An Anarchist committee ruled the docks and through the sharp scrutiny of these extremists Lance had to manoeuvre his charges before they were allowed to embark. They did not recognise as sufficient any pass or permit granted by any officer of the central state and, in the typical Anarchist manner, made themselves as the sole authority for permission to leave the country.

There was a terrible time when young Juan Navarro de Valencia and his English wife Constance came face to face with this fierce committee. Their flat in Madrid had been ransacked by the gangs and all their clothes stolen. Thus Navarro was clad in an old black dress coat with velvet collar, belonging to his father, very smart and conspicuous and looking very "Fascist." He had been obliged to make the journey from Madrid lying on a stretcher in the ambulance, to avoid observation, especially the "avid eyes of the militiamen," who clustered round them at Albalade. For no other reason than his dress, he was arrested immediately he arrived on the quay and put through a vicious questioning.

Constance, trembling with apprehension, turned very white and began to scream. Lance, gripping her wrist, said reassuringly: "Keep quiet, Constance; don't intervene yet." He then left her side mysteriously.

Standing a little way off, Constance and some friends with her could plainly hear what was going on at the interrogation. The local militia were then short of ammunition and accordingly, instead of shooting their victims, they were tying stones round their necks and throwing them off the quay. Constance now clearly heard them threaten her husband with the same fate and she saw him "turn green." She herself felt turned to stone, cold and rooted to the ground. Then she heard one of the committee say: "All right, chuck him in."

Two others seized him by the arms, but at that precise moment Lance reappeared. He called out forcibly: "Take your hands off that man at once. He is under the protection of the British Embassy and if he comes to any harm you shall answer for it."

The surprised committee stopped in their tracks, taken aback. While the committee stood uncertain, a policeman, whose friendship Lance had cultivated on a previous trip, arrived and began to talk to the committee. It was to create this diversion that Lance had gone off so suddenly and he now quite calmly stepped forward, took Navarro by the arm and said "Come along." He led him and the distraught Constance straight to the British naval launch that was waiting patiently for them at the landing steps and said to the fresh-faced young officer in command: "A near thing, old boy; get 'em away from here quick."

Everywhere Lance went on these missions, he took pains to make himself conspicuous, and soon he became known among the Spaniards as "the gentleman of the check jacket" (*el señor de la chaqueta cuadrada*), a breezy, extrovert *inglés* who was always cracking jokes. One could not suspect any mischievous intent in this "mad Englishman," who merely chatted light-heartedly when a Tommy-gun was thrust through his car window or pointed at his belly.

Dim ideas began to form in Lance's mind. As the war situation had tightened up so much that ■■■ had been unable to find a safe escape route by land, what about the sea? Here was a way out of Spain, not reserved only to foreigners and not denied to Spaniards who did not arouse suspicion or hatred, for whom a permit to leave Madrid could be obtained and whom he was able, by cajolery or bluff, to pass through the piercing scrutiny of the Anarchists who ruled the port.

The capture of Madrid by the Nationalists, he reflected, looked as far away as ever. There seemed to be no prospect of success for ■■■ those to whom the Republican régime meant hardship, danger and bereavement. Wasn't it high time, therefore, that the gateway to freedom was opened more widely? Not, certainly, to anyone who was genuinely an active "enemy of the Republic," but to those perfectly innocent persons who were jeopardized merely by their class, their religion or other associations.

AFTER a few days, word came from Forbes that a ship would be ready at Alicante on February 6 and Lance accordingly made arrangements for the convoy to leave Madrid at about three in the morning on that day. The Government, as before, lent three military lorries. But as the day approached Lance felt his anxiety rising, both because he did not want to let Forbes down by any serious diplomatic "incident" but more particularly because he knew that so many lives would depend

upon him and he wondered how some of them could hope to show any satisfactory documents.

At first there were only some thirty names on the list, but as word went round more and more people asked to be taken. Among them was the daughter of the murdered playwright Pedro Muñoz Seca.

The lists were finally closed with 72 names. Only twelve of them were known to have British passports; nearly all had Spanish names. All were advised to report at the Embassy not later than eight p.m. on the fifth and Lance personally collected from their hideings all those who could not safely come outdoors alone.

At two a.m. Lance summoned his flock. They moved off in the very cold early hours of that February night. As on the previous occasions, Pepe was driving the car in which Lance and Margery rode and they had one of the sick fugitives with them also. Three more invalids rode in the rear vehicle with Fernanda Jacobson, driven by one of her Scottish drivers. The other 63 evacuees, including the babies and children, rode in three Republican lorries, very crowded and uncomfortable.

After a nightmare journey of fifteen hours, they reached Alicante at five o'clock in the evening. There Lance and the two women found accommodation for the evacuees at five hotels in different parts of the town.

Lance was up early next morning to reconnoitre. He walked down to the waterfront and there, anchored just outside the harbour in the placid, blue stillness lay the ever sure symbol of quiet assurance and confidence—a British man-of-war. So near she was, yet she might have been a thousand miles away for all the hope he had of getting his charges on board. It was quite impossible to get this phalanx of people, mainly women and children, past the Anarchist dock committee and other vigilant eyes, without some sort of authority.

For a very ugly situation had quickly developed in the town. The refugees, instead of staying quietly in their hotels, had unwisely come out into the street and were sitting at the pavement tables outside the cafés. They had immediately attracted attention by their un-proletarian dress, their looks and their speech.

IN desperation Lance called on his old friend Valdes Casas, the Civil Governor, accompanied by Margery Hill and Fernanda Jacobson. The Civil Governor was sympathetic. But he could offer no practical solution, except that all the 60 undocumented cases should be sent back to Madrid.

"Very well, then, I'll telephone the Foreign Minister myself at once. Please ask your operator to get me Señor Alvarez del Vayo personally," Lance said.

The priority call to Valencia came through quickly and Lance took the receiver. He greeted Alvarez del Vayo cheerfully and said: "I'm in another little difficulty." He went on to remind Alvarez del Vayo that he had already taken several convoys of refugees for embarkation at Alicante—a fact which the Foreign Minister was well aware—and that he had never had any trouble; that here he was again with 72 refugees and a British ship ready for them, but for some reason was unable to get them embarked.

He paused for the reply, his heart in his mouth. Then he heard Alvarez del Vayo say slowly: "I think I can probably help you."

Once again audaciously paid. By two-thirty that afternoon the Governor received a telegram from the Foreign Minister giving the required authority for the party to embark.

In the docks the wretched people had to face an even worse ordeal. As they disembarked from their lorries they were confronted by seven or eight of the port committee. This junta of Anarchists, which now ruled the docks, was composed of youths of about twenty, the eldest not more than twenty-four. Lance tried his usual tactics. Approaching them with levity, he said: "Good afternoon, comrades. I have brought another convoy and the British ship out there is waiting for them. I have this telegram of clearance for them from the Foreign Minister and this order from the Civil Governor."

This time, however, his breezy manner did not work. They looked at the documents and burst out with angry curses. The Governor's order was invalid and the telegram a fake. When the storm of words was spent, the refugees were ordered to follow the committee.



They were led into a shed and there were rigorously searched. Then they walked off without a word, leaving the refugees high and dry. Lance went after them and asked what was to happen. One of them replied tartly: "We are going because it will be dark soon and no lights are allowed. Anyway, we have no intention of allowing you to leave."

In this dangerous situation the tramp of marching feet was heard in the darkness and a force of about fifty carabinieri arrived on the quayside.

Lance, however, with his usual buoyancy, went straight up to the officer in command, greeted him cheerfully and said: "My word, I am glad to see you. There seems to have been an awful lot of fuss and bother about this convoy. I can't understand it."

He was vastly relieved when the officer replied: "That is all right, señor. I have orders to see you safely embarked. We'll clear this crowd out for a start."

The mob themselves had fallen silent at sight of the carabinieri, equally uncertain what they would do. They were now left in

no doubt and in a few minutes the quay was cleared. Once more Lance and his party were summoned into the shed.

But he very soon found that it was far from O.K. This time they found the committee, augmented to twelve in number, seated round a large table. They were, in fact, infuriated that Lance should have gone over their heads to the highest possible authority; for in the meantime they had learned that Alvarez del Vayo's telegram was genuine.

Each of the seventy-two people was brought separately before the committee.

Quite early Señorita Muñoz Seca, a beautiful girl of about eighteen, came before them and Lance's heart was in his mouth. The name was notorious among the working classes.

"What is your name?"

Lance held his breath. The poor girl was visibly paling in the dim light, but, with great self-possession, she instantly invented a name.

With a shrug of the shoulders, the chairman said: "Oh, let her go!"

AT last the long, dark ordeal was over. Every man and woman was provided with an embarkation permit. Lance left the sombre shed with a sigh of relief and there, standing on the quayside in the dark, was the heart-warming sight of a young British naval officer. The ship's boats from the British man-of-war were alongside. They had indeed been patiently waiting throughout this long ordeal.

Lance, one day very soon after his return, while the Nationalists were flinging an occasional shell into the center of the city, sat down in his office in the Commercial Secretariat, and pondered on the critical new step he was to take.

Firstly he decided that he must use Valencia and not his favorite Alicante, which, for the time being at any rate, had become much too hot for him.

Further, it was plain that the only chance of getting out his "bodies" safely in future was to take only one at a time, or perhaps a pair—never more. No more convoys. What he proposed was to get them on board one of the small British tramp steamers, of about 1,000 tons, that were nearly always to be found at Valencia.

Margery Hill had told Lance of a young man she had been hiding as a patient who wanted to leave Spain.

Roberto, whose parents had been executed on suspicion, was very white, but was full of heart and eager for the trial that he had to undergo, though he knew well that the slightest slip on anyone's part or some mere trick of chance would mean his instant and violent death. Margery, however, decided to come with them.

They drove straight to their appointed hideaway, where Lance deposited his two companions and made his way to the long dock road. He looked into all the bars in search of a gathering of British merchant service officers and found one at the corner of the approach road. It was not long before he got into the company of the seamen and swapped drinks.

He very soon found that some of these masters were bound for unsuitable ports, for he wanted ships going to Britain, France or Spanish Morocco. Thus he soon attached himself to a jovial and garrulous Scottish captain, dark-haired and sturdy, with whom

he exchanged fiery brandies. After the second one, he said to the Scot: "Why the hell do you drink this filthy stuff when you've got good Scotch and decent gin on board?"

The Scot looked at him shrewdly. "Have ye noo? Well, ye'll be verra welcome."

In the main dock gates Lance recognized one of the sentries and stopped for a chat with him. Then, once on board, he put the proposition without equivocation in the privacy of the master's cabin. To his delight, but not to his surprise, the master entered into the spirit of the adventure with relish and agreed to take the passenger for the sum of £10.

"But mind," he added, "ye're to be responsible for the passenger until we sail. I'll no carry the can if he's found by the saith party. Ye'll have in tak' responsibility for that."

When it came the time, Roberto, who spoke a little English, played his part well. They met the British skipper in the *londa* at noon and embarked on a studied campaign of drinking. Captain Browne, entering into the spirit of the thing, had the shrewdness to bring along two others of his cloth, to add verisimilitude to the party.

When they finished their drinking, they all rolled in at the gateway. At a word from Lance they greeted the sentries with raised fists and cries of "Viva la Republica! Death to the Fascists! No *pasadors*!"

The unfamiliar noise and laughter had brought the whole guard out from their hut, to watch the *lacos ingleses* making clowns of themselves. This was just what Lance wanted. He called out to them "We are just going to have a little drink with the captain." He strolled over and offered them cigarettes. "We are going to give Captain Browne a farewell whisky," he said, "and there will be some real Scotch whisky. Come along with us."

So, under cover of another party on board, Roberto after a quick word of grateful thanks, was safely stowed away. The skipper was paid. The search party came and went, with yet more drinks and with cigarettes.

Exhilarated by the success of this first attempt, Lance at once planned to continue his mission. With such skill and resourcefulness did he organize these operations that for some six months he had an uninterrupted flow of successes.

Lance was not such a fool as to repeat the tony act each time. He assumed, to appearances, the life of a light-hearted and breezy Englishman loafing about the docks because he liked ships and seamen and had nothing better to do.

THE summer of 1937 came and went. The war still dragged, showing no sign of ending. The purely domestic issue was blurred by the quantities of Italians, Germans, Russians, Frenchmen, Americans and British who fought on one side or the other. In Madrid, life grew more and more grim, Franco's air raids often so quickly succeeding one another that the warning sirens stopped sounding.

Lance, still using the offices of the Commercial Attaché, was feeling the pressure of events. He went over in his mind those whom he still particularly wanted to get out. There was young Alvaro Martin Moreno, son of no less a person than Franco's Chief of Staff, General Francisco Franco's son, as well as two friends of

his, Ramón and Hilario, who were in hiding. "Well," he thought, "I'll get that out by the usual channels, all in one go, then I'll go out myself. It's high time."

He began to plan carefully for this last and specially dangerous Valencia expedition. Ramón would be disposed of in the ordinary way at Valencia. For Moreno, he would have to improvise on the spot as best he could after seeking him out. He grimaced at the very thought. Then, if he could pull that off without being nabbed, he would run out to El Perelló, twenty miles by road to the south, to fetch Hilario.

The operation began one Saturday night. Lance brought Ramón cautiously out of his hiding place. It was relatively cool and all the city was dead quiet as they drove through the neglected streets, past the shuttered houses and the gaping bomb-holes. Not a soul was to be seen except the lurking guards who from time to time stepped out from behind a roadside tree or a shadowed doorway.

Arrived in Valencia, Lance went straight to the hide-out, stowed Ramón safely away and gave him the usual warning not to go out and not even to show his face at the windows.

HE then drove the 110 miles of the winding coast road to Alicante.

Lance called on many skippers until he put his usual question: would Captain Jones, a Welshman, be prepared to take passenger and thus save a human life?

The skipper grinned broadly. "Why, sure, Captain Lance," he said. "No need to explain."

That, thought Lance as he strolled back to the hotel, would be all right for Hilario, who was in no danger, but it meant another chance in his own ideas. He would now have to go back again to Valencia to get Moreno and Ramón away by Thursday as best he could, then collect Hilario at El Perelló and smuggle him on board at Alicante on Friday afternoon.

Immediately afterwards Lance began the drive back to Valencia to resume the affairs of Moreno and Ramón. Very tired after his all-night outing, Lance stopped for a while but the thought that he still had three cases to export weighed heavily on his mind. He anticipated no unusual difficulty about Ramón, whom he had brought from Madrid, but young Moreno who really worried him.

The young man was dynamite. As the son of Franco's Chief of Staff, he was dangerous enough, but, in addition, he was a hostage for an officer of high rank who was in Nationalist hands. Lance knew that arrangements for an exchange had failed and that Moreno's days were numbered unless he were rescued. The police knew perfectly well where he was and were keeping him under close observation.

Passing on through the region of flat rice-fields, Lance arrived in Valencia late in the afternoon and noted that a British warship was lying outside, perhaps the same one that had been at Alicante the day before. He went straight to the hideout. Ramón was safe and in good spirits but very glad to see his guardian back again. Having warned him to expect another guest on the morrow, Lance went out and dined.

After breakfast next morning, which was Wednesday, he went off to his dockyard haunts and soon found himself among a

crowd of British sailors, for there were half a dozen Red Ensign ships in harbor. They greeted him as an old friend, for by now most of them knew him, calling out "Here comes the Scarlet Pimpernel! What's it to be, Captain?"

"For the love of Mike cut that out! It's the same word of Spanish. Give me a *pro rogo* for my nerves."

Very soon he had learned the date and sailing hour of each ship. With this information he picked his skipper—another Welshman, the fair-haired, genial Henry Morgan. He was sailing at six o'clock that evening. Under cover of a brisk conversation, Lance asked him in a low voice "Can you take a couple of customers this time, skipper?"

"Sure captain, what's the plan?"

"A slight variation of the usual Look here, can you get me of the other skippers to invite us all on board for lunch? As a blind, you know."

"Nothing easier," Morgan replied. Turning to a skipper on his right, he asked: "Jim, what say you ask us all aboard for lunch? The captain here wants to sample your gin and sausages."

"That will be fine, Taffy. The gin's all right, but the sausages will probably be Spanish dog!"

After Lance came out on deck after lunch, he drove away from the ship's side with all the signs of good cheer, he continually stopped the car, therefore, to greet some acquaintance, tell him what a wonderful luncheon he had had and say how much he was looking forward to yet another merry party that evening.

Now for Moreno.

Lance had never met him but had got his address from a trusted friend. He stopped the car dead in front of the door, where the glistening pavement was very narrow. There was no loitering observer in the street, so that he knew that the only watch the police could be making was from the windows opposite. Luckily the rain would serve to obscure vision.

THE house, he found, was arranged very much as he expected. The *duches* met him in the hall with the utmost suspicion. "What is it you want, señor?" she asked. "Señora, I am a British captain and not an agent of the police. I have come to help the young man."

His manner, more than his words, reassured her and her face relaxed. "Very well, señor, come with me."

Roused by the *duches*, Moreno sat up, bemused and completely taken aback. "Who are you?" he asked.

Lance told him and went on: "Are you under observation from the house opposite?" "I don't know for certain. I have never dared go near the window; but I think it is almost certain."

"Get me out, señor? It certainly does surprise me. I do not understand how can you possibly get me out? How do I know that this is not some trap?"

"I shall tell you and you must then decide for yourself. It will be difficult and dangerous and I shall not attempt to press you if you are unwilling."

Moreno listened in silence and then, after a pause, asked "And yourself, señor?"

"Very well, señor, I will place myself in your hands. You are a brave man."

"Let's go, then. At once. Remember, you must do exactly as I say always. The first problem is to get into the car undetected, but the rain will help us and the pavement is very narrow. The car itself will partly mask us as we go out. We shall go downstairs together and you will then wait in the hall. I shall go out into the car and have a careful look round. If you hear me slam the door that is a danger signal. Do not come out. If I don't slam the door in about half a minute, you will take the umbrella that is in the hall, put it up before you come out of the door, tilt your hat down and slip straight into the car, the door of which I shall have open. When you have got into the car, sit sideways facing this side of the road."

When Lance was sure no one was watching, he closed his door quietly, started his engine and windshield-wiper and opened the passenger door an inch. The rain poured down as he waited. Moreno appeared out of the shadowed hall. Perfectly cool and natural, he stepped out briskly, head down and umbrella tilted forward so that it was impossible to see his face from the windows opposite. Two steps took him to the car. He turned, closed the umbrella with a quick snap and backed into the car.

Lance slipped into gear and drove straight to the hide-out. Stage One completed.

This was certainly a promising start, but there was no time for delay. If Moreno's disappearance were discovered, every police and S.I.M. agent in the town would be out; especially in the docks. In the hide-out he introduced Moreno and Ramón to each other and then got Moreno quickly out of his blue trousers and into a pair of the grey flannel ones from his stock.

Next, he drove them all down to the *fowda* facing the main gates of the docks and in the smoking atmosphere they met Captain Morgan and a cheerful gathering of merchant seamen, as Lance had arranged. They were, of course, all in the know.

Together they had one or two quick tricks to lend verisimilitude to the parts that they had to play.

At the right moment Lance gave the word and they all got up. Because he spoke perfect English, Ramón stayed in the rear in the safe custody of two skippers. The remainder walked out in noisy goodfellowship.

When they reached the car as many as could piled in—Lance in front and Moreno at the back sandwiched between two skippers. Two mates stood on the running-board, placing themselves to hide Moreno's body.

This was the critical Stage Two, the stage when the great fear was that Moreno would be recognized by police or guards.

The successful act of early May was repeated again in different form. While those inside the car chattered and laughed and the singings on the runningboards sang snatches of song, the car glided into the docks and came to a halt by the sentries. Lance leaned out and cried: "Here we are back again, you see!"

Unchallenged, the car drew up at the gangway of Morgan's ship. They all went on board quite easily, Ramón and two companions following on foot. Lance felt triumphant. The ship was due to sail in an hour or so. Stage Three was completed and the task was done.

There was still Hilario to be disposed of,



and only just time enough to get him away at Alicante.

With a smile of relief, Lance packed his few things on Friday afternoon and drove off. Less than an hour's drive brought him to the picturesque seaside village of El Perelló, where the skeleton British Embassy was now situated. Hilario was waiting. He was a splendid figure, tall, athletic in build, handsome and aquiline in countenance with a most charming smile. He greeted Lance with the utmost pleasure and Lance said:

"Come along Hilario! I've come to take you away."

"One moment, señor," he said leaving the room.

In a very few minutes Hilario returned, wearing black suit, tie and hat. This suited Lance's purpose very well, for time was now so pressing that he would not be able to take his man to the Victoria Hotel and arrange the usual sailor act with Captain Jones. He would have to improvise again, going straight to the docks, taking Hilario with him.

It was dark when, having covered the remaining 80 miles of the twisting coast road, they arrived at Alicante. Lance stopped some twenty-five yards short of the carabinieri's office at the main entrance.

"I have to pay a visit to Captain Jones again," Lance said. "Would some of the comrades like to come with me for a little party? I am sure Captain Jones would be delighted to see you."

Accepting his invitation, several of the Spaniards crowded into the car and, with a police officer standing on one runningboard and Lance himself on the other, they proceeded into the docks for the drive of 400 yards. On arrival at the ship it was a perfectly easy matter for Hilario to go on board with the crowd. Lance led them to the saloon and then, after a whispered word with the master, quickly took Hilario off to the captain's cabin, where he stowed him away in a locker under the captain's bunk.

The party went on and on. The rum was good and the Spaniards were very much en-

joying themselves. In an agony of suspense, Lance longed for the police officer to go. Not till very late did he at last leave.

With relief Lance and the captain went back to the cabin and released Hilario from his coffin-like refuge.

For almost the first and only time, however, there then occurred one of those small, totally unexpected interjections of chance which upset all calculations. A steward, not fully in the know or not realising the state of affairs, opened the door of the cabin and announced the arrival of another police officer. The officer, in fact, walked in immediately behind him.

There could have been no greater mistake. In that extraordinary manner in which the Spanish countenance can, in the twinkling of an eye, be transfigured from tender affection to the most tigerish hatred, the policeman's face blackened with fury. Very coldly the policeman said: "On no account can any Spaniard, whether for an Englishman or anyone else, be allowed to leave the country at this crisis. This ship will not sail until he leaves, and under police escort."

Lance did all that he could to cool the fires of wrath, but he knew that it was all up. He turned to Jones and thanked him for his help.

The police officer, arriving at the gangway, called down to the sentry at the foot and between them they escorted Lance and Hilario to the car.

TO the astonishment of them both, they were not put under arrest. Indeed, on informing the police that they stayed habitually at the Victoria Hotel, Lance was even allowed to return there, together with Hilario, but accompanied also by the policeman.

The policeman stood beside them while they booked in for the night. Automatically, without thinking, Lance wrote Valencia in the "destination" column of the tedious form. The policeman had now thawed by several degrees and seemed quite satisfied that his charges could safely be relied upon.

"I shall be round again in the morning,"

he said. "You must not leave for Valencia before then."

As soon as he had, as he thought, seen them safely booked in, he bade them a not unfriendly good night and went. They were all still standing by the night porter's desk. The moment they were both left alone. They turned away from the night porter's desk and made for the front door. Had they looked back as they went out, they would have seen the porter quietly reaching for the telephone.

The big Chevrolet slid away quietly by silent back streets, with the great bulk of Santa Barbara obscuring the stars on its left. They seemed to have the world to themselves. Nothing stood between them and Valencia, where Hilario would go straight into the safety of Lance's hide-out. There would be no difficulty, he felt sure, in getting one of the British ships there to take him at short notice. Lance had not gone far, however, when he looked out of the rear window. There, still a long way behind, he saw the glare of the powerful headlights. He studied them appraisingly. Headlights were very rarely seen in these troubled times. The car behind gained steadily on him. Often hidden by the corners of the high-shouldered road, each time it reappeared it was just a little nearer.

"Yes, it is a police car, *mi capitan*; there are no other cars in Republican Spain so fast. Could you drive without headlamps on the straight?"

Lance shut them off once, turning them on again only when a bend obscured them from their pursuers and still maintaining a marvelous speed. Still the police car gained, the glare of its headlights getting nearer and nearer until, after another few miles, they were faintly illuminating the rear of the Chevrolet. In another few minutes Lance's car was racing its own elongated shadow.

There came a point when, on the two legs of a hairpin bend, the two cars were racing on opposite and parallel courses, scarcely a hundred yards of broken ground between them. At that moment Lance, gazing with fascinated detachment, saw a spurt of machine-gun flashes burst from the police car and a long trail of red tracer bullets streamed ahead, splintering the rock at the roadside.

HE thought seriously of abandoning the car at the roadside and making off across the country on foot, but at that moment it flashed across his mind that the Consul in Alicante lived in a delightful villa at a hamlet only a mile or so ahead. It was right on the coast, with a garden running down almost to the sea, and was approached by a mere cart-track issuing from the main road at right angles.

The hairpin bend had slowed down the police car and Lance shot ahead on the straight, gaining a little, with headlamps off. In half a mile, he shut off his headlights also, suddenly spotted the cart-track and braked fiercely. The brake-shoes screamed and the car skidded violently, nearly turning over on its side as he took the right-angle bend. Twenty yards on, he stopped. The roar of the police car was heard immediately and in twenty seconds it flashed by like a blazing meteor.

Two hours' drive brought them back to El Perello and there, feeling very down in

the mouth, Lance said good-bye to Hilario, telling him how bitter he felt at the shipwreck of the man's hopes.

From El Perello Lance drove right through to Madrid, not stopping in Valencia.

For two or three days, as Lance lay low in Margery Hill's hospital. He was pretty certain that, provided no orders were given for his arrest, he himself would be able to get home from Valencia in a perfectly normal way with the regular documents as a genuine British subject if he wanted to do so.

On October 8, just after a light breakfast, Lance was in his office at the Commercial Secretariat. The telephone on his desk rang. It was his secretary. Two police officers were there inquiring for him.

Lance walked out. There, immediately outside, were the two policemen.

Immediately he crossed the threshold they both stepped forward, grabbed him by the arms and marched him firmly but without violence to the big black car. ■ was a Packard seven-seater.

HE set out into the car, which made off at speed, the horn sounding repeatedly. Lance resigned himself to the thought of the long, uncomfortable ride to Valencia.

There followed a dreary night journey over the road that Lance knew so well. Driving pretty fast over the villainous road, they reached Valencia at three in the morning and Lance, feeling very drowsy, was taken straight into an exceptionally well-furnished house and led up to a comfortable, dimly-lit room. Here he was received by a good-looking, well-spoken, smartly dressed young Spaniard of the sort one would have expected to see in good society. ■ the old days. He offered Lance a comfortable seat and for a while they discussed things of no importance in a perfectly friendly way.

After another hour or so, a policeman came in and said "they" were ready for the interrogation and he asked Lance very civilly to "step this way". Lance was shown into another large room arranged as for a conference. The room was heavily charged with hostility, eight men confronting him behind a long table. All were youngish men of the State intelligence and conspicuous among them was a large monolith of a man who, as Lance learned subsequently, was a Russian notorious as "The Boser", his function being to apply physical persuasion.

They got down at once to a volley of questions and the matter that they pitched into was the affair of Moreno. So it was that, Lance reflected, that had caused the trouble. It was obvious that they were in no doubt that it was Lance who had done the trick; they were not making a shot in the dark.

After about five hours of this searching inquiry under the infernal lamp, Lance felt nearly dead. His brain was upside-down. He felt he could stand the thing no longer.

He argued as best he could with the inquisitors, but the more he objected the more hostile they became. The account was a true one and he could not be released until he signed a prepared confession. In any case, they added, it was only a formality and of no real importance. ■ desperation, Lance "signed the damned thing".

This over ■ last, Lance was driven under police escort to a hotel in Valencia. This was to be his residence for four days, with

a guard stationed day and night immediately outside the door.

Except for meals, he was kept locked up in the stinking little room all day.

After four days, a police agent came one evening to tell him that he was to go to headquarters for a few final questions and he would then be driven back to Madrid that same night.

He was escorted from the hotel and driven in the complete darkness of the black-out to what he took to be police headquarters. He stepped from the car, followed by the policeman, and entered the dark void of the building. The moment he had stepped inside he was violently seized by hands that sprang out upon him from the dark. His arms were pinioned behind his back and quickly tied at the elbows. A powerful hand was clapped over his mouth from behind him, nearly breaking his neck as it wrenched his head back. He was swung round, thrust out of the door and forced into another car, which went off at speed into the darkness.

After a few minutes in the car, his arms were released but there was no relaxation of the hostile attitude of the armed guards on either side of him. Some eight miles outside Valencia, as far as Lance could judge, the car suddenly shot off the main road into a lane and its lights were turned off. "Well," thought Lance, "this certainly looks more and more like the *paseito*."

The car slowed down and Lance saw in front the shadowy outlines of a large country house. The car stopped in front of it and Lance was ordered out. Six armed Assault Guards moved forward and closed round him. He was marched rapidly round to the back of the house. This undoubtedly was the end. They halted, however, in front of a door dimly discerned in the gloom, and two of the guards seized Lance by the shoulders and hurled him inside, following with a vicious kick ■ the buttocks.

He found himself in a small dirty cell, festooned with cobwebs. A heap of rubbish had been swept up into one corner and the only furniture was a primitive bed of canvas strips on a wooden frame.

Those Assault Guards, with their tommy-guns and the revolver for the final shattering of the skull, were only too obviously a firing-squad. But something seemed to have gone wrong to delay the execution, some last-minute hitch of which he could not guess the cause.

It then began to dawn on Lance that, in what had seemed to him a desperate situation, he still held some valuable cards. He had some information that they badly wanted and they were not likely to bump him off until they got it.

In this black hole Lance spent a terrible seven weeks under rigid surveillance. Escape, he quickly realized, was out of the question, for, even if he could have got out of the place, ■ was a marked man. He was allowed out only to visit the latrine or to go, once every three days, to wash as best he could under a tap with his handkerchief and shaving soap. His diet consisted of a tin of rice or lentil soup twice a day and a tin of warm water with ■ little condensed milk.

When, after about a month, the Communists thought that Lance's spirit had surely been sufficiently broken, they roused him out

(Continued on page 46)

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of his cell, again just after midnight. He got up wearily from the brick floor, bleak-eyed, chalk-faced under his stubbly beard.

It was, in fact, another grilling. He was taken to some sort of office, where, having lived in darkness for so long, he was blinded and confused by the unaccustomed light. Worse still, the horrible lamp was brought out again and he was put through a grueling inquisition from three A.M. to six A.M. It was once again with the matter of his accomplices that they challenged him and this time they nearly broke him down.

The inquisitors then suddenly switched the axis of their attack, trying to force him to admit that he was a "spy". They made him give an account of his time as Franco's prisoner and when he gave them the approximate date of his leaving Iran for Hendaye, before returning to Republican territory, they whipped out his passport from among their papers and showed him the date on the passport stamp, which was completely different.

Largely on this evidence Lance was later condemned to death.

**T**HE inquisition ended there and Lance was put into an adjoining room to wait for his escort. At a desk in this room a girl was typing letters. She was a handsome girl and smartly dressed, with good features, black eyebrows and platinum-dyed hair. She glanced up as Lance entered. "So," she said, her eyes flashing, "you are the English spy? We shoot spies. Do you hear? We shoot them. But if you do get away, we shall see to it that your health will be so ruined that you will not live long."

He was relieved to be taken away by his jailer and still more relieved, after those grueling hours, to find himself back again in the black night of his cell, alone.

Once again a summons just after midnight. As he stumbled out into the dark, cold night of 22 November, Lance found that this time he was one of a party of about twenty, including a few women prisoners, herded together beside a lorry under a strong escort of grim-faced Tommy-gunners.

When the order came to mount the lorry, none of them had the strength to do so. Lance, trying to set an example, felt his arms and legs fail in the effort and he hung precariously half-suspended on the tail of the lorry until a vicious jab in the buttocks from the muzzle of a rifle sent him sprawling. Cursing with pain, he lay on the floor as his fellow-prisoners, men and women, were hurled on top of him in like manner.

A night drive of some thirty miles took them to a new prison, the *Prisión Cubernativa de Sergorbe*.

On arrival, Lance and most of his fellow-prisoners had to be carried to their new quarters. To his relief, he was not shut up in solitary confinement, as he had been at the St. Ursula prison, but was taken into a cellar, lit by two small sunken windows below ground level, in which were crowded 66 men, each man being allotted a floor space of six feet by three. Here at least, thought Lance, was human company of some sort. As they stirred into wakefulness later, he was delighted to find a Cockney called King among them and there was

another Commonwealth citizen in the person of an mysterious Indian who gave his name as Dutt.

King greeted his fellow-prisoner with a grin. "Welcome to the Ritz, mate," he said; "it's a better hotel than the last dump, but, blimey, they've got a queer lot of guests! Reds, black, pinks—the lot!"

Christmas 1937 was approaching in Madrid it was an exceptionally cold winter. News came of the Republican offensive on the Aragon front and of bitter fighting at Teruel in sub-zero temperatures.

Four months later, orders were received for the evacuation of the prison, now threatened with capture as the red-and-yellow standard of the Nationalists drove steadily southward to the sea.

The prisoners were sent off in separate truckloads to different destinations, King and Dutt leaving early. Lance was left to the very last with four other prisoners considered specially "dangerous" and reserved for transfer to Barcelona. It was a year before they came to take him to a different prison.

Again Lance's move was only a short one and he found himself still in Barcelona, in another religious establishment turned into a prison and known as *Preventorio C* (Seminario). As soon as he entered the building, he was at once picked upon by the watching Governor, who said:

"Ah, I've heard all about you! You are the distinguished Criminal No. 1 and we shall treat you with the honors."

The last move came. The fifth prison and by far the worst. Again some sort of religious establishment, it was near Gerona, far away on the cold fringes of the Pyrenees, at the extremity of the northeast corner of Spain, which was all that remained under the dominion of the Republicans. The weather was bitterly cold; snow was falling and the mountain wind cut through them like a knife.

Christmas of 1938 passed in icy desolation and the most deadly period of all began towards the end of January. By overhearing the conversation of their guards, the prisoners learnt that Barcelona had fallen, that Franco's troops were moving northwards.

In this state of affairs Lance became doubled up with the pains of appendicitis. Clutching his stomach, he prayed for his release by this means, preferring death by the laws of nature, however painful, to the idea of being killed by the hand of his fellow-men. But what he regarded as the worst fate was now staring him plainly in the face, for his fellow-prisoners brought news which intensified the chill that already held the whole prison in its grip. The Republican Government, said the new arrivals, had given orders that all prisoners were to be slaughtered before they could be released by Franco.

**A** DAY or two later, at an hour when his pains had temporarily subsided, all the prisoners were paraded in a courtyard in the biting cold of an early morning.

The handsome young Governor arrived, looking very smart, very brisk and matter-of-fact. He read out the names of some thirty men, several of whom Lance knew, and ordered them to fall in front of the rest. No explanation was necessary.

An hour later, looking down into the prison yard from the window of his cell

Lance saw these same men, drawn up in line, stripped of their footwear and their jackets. Sleet was falling and the cold pierced to the bone. At a word of command, the doomed wretches moved off, filed out of the yard and down an open drive under escort. Beside them strode the smart Governor, Tommy-gun in hand.

Two hundred yards down the road, where the splayed earth of a newly dug trench could be clearly seen, the little column was seen to halt and turn about, the sleet driving into their faces. To Lance, who could hear nothing, it seemed as if the poor devils had halted and turned automatically, instinctively, needing no order.

The Governor took up a position twenty-five yards in front of the line. Without more ado, he swung his blazing Tommy-gun from one end of the line to the other. Twenty-six out of the thirty fell. Three or four more hurled and they were all down.

Handing his Tommy-gun to a guard, the governor then drew his revolver and, walking briskly down the line of dead and wounded, turned over each body and administered with great calm the final death-stroke.

That was the beginning. Every morning afterwards about twenty to thirty more were shot down in the same manner. There were no more parades; the victims were merely summoned from their cells and marched straight down to their waiting graves. The guards were surly and morose, not knowing whether there would be a chance for them to get away or whether they would suffer the same fate as their prisoners if they fell into Franco's hands. On the second day, however, Lance was able to have a few words with one of them and learned that there was a nominal roll of prisoners in the order of their execution on the wall of the prison office. He asked the fellow accordingly to find out what his place was on the list and on his next tour of duty the guard told him "You are number 250."

That, Lance calculated, gave him approximately eight more days of life. He began to prepare himself for the inevitable end.

The days and the nights passed, each day heralded by the crackling bursts of the Tommy-gun, each spent in fixating the onset of black and terrifying thoughts, each ended by the vain hope of finding in sleep some oblivion from the cruel cold, the pain, the feral smell of crowded bodies. Each morning Christopher Lance counted the numbers of the condemned as they paraded in the courtyard below and when their total had reached 240 he knew that the next day would be his last.

It was at midnight that he was unexpectedly roused. A guard noisily opened the door of his cell, kicking out of his way those nearest to the door and shouted in a harsh and brutal voice "You, Lance. Get out at once and come with me."

In the dimly lit corridor he stumbled and clung for a moment to the wall to recover himself. He was hustled forward by his impatient guard, who prodded him in the kidneys with his rifle. He was taken to the prison office, where a clerk filled in a form giving the name and address of next of kin and some other particulars. Why, Lance

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asked himself again, was all this at dead of night? No doubt because he was a British subject. He must vanish without trace, without witnesses, his fate unknown. The supposition became convincing when he was taken into another room and there saw King, very badly knocked about now and physically dejected, yet still able to force a smile and to say: "All change 'ere, mate, for Waterloo and Kingdom Come."

Filled with admiration for the little cockney, Lance laughed aloud, to the angry astonishment of the guards, who shouted with oaths to the "dirty Fascists" to be quiet, and threatened them with the butt of a rifle. After talking among themselves for a minute in low voices, they suddenly turned and, seizing the prisoners by arms and shoulders, roughly hustled them outside into the night. Instead, however, of marching them down to the shooting ground, they took them to a large seven-seater car nearby and shouted: "Get in, you swine! We're going for a nice short ride."

Lance, feeling very weak, found it difficult to pull himself up on the running-board in the dark and was brutally kicked. He felt angry and humiliated and very much inclined to attack the guards in one last desperate effort, but knew that it was futile. So he had been right in his surmise; because he and King were British subjects, they were going to be murdered in some remote, undiscoverable place in the Pyrenees. He and King were put into the back seats with two guards facing them armed with rifle and revolver. In front, beside the chauffeur, was the Tommy-gunner. As the car moved off, the prisoners were ordered not to talk. ■ was not likely, Lance thought, to be a long ride; just somewhere quiet out of earshot.

But the car went on and on, up steep and winding mountain roads and then down again on the level stretches, going faster.

The car finally came to a halt at an obscure, dark shape that might have been a village school. The lights of the car were switched off and the guards ordered the prisoners to get out and start walking to the house. When Lance hesitated a moment, he was struck in the back with a gun butt.

Lance got out by a last effort and went into a dimly lit room. So this was the end. Beyond the lamp's dim rays he caught sight also of Duff, the Indian. He had been right, then. It was to be an all-British shooting party. Lance began silently to make his peace with God.

**A**N officer waited for them. He waited for the satanic face to speak, wondering what more there was to be said and what more there was to endure before the shots at last rang out. The hardest part of dying was waiting for it.

As he wondered, bracing himself for the last moment, a dark shadow, cast upon the wall by the extremity of the lamp's rays, moved a little forward somewhere on his right hand, dimly perceived, and out of the darkness came a strong, resonant, English voice, saying calmly with the force of a drill-sergeant:

"Good evening, I am Skrine Stevenson from the British Embassy, and I've come to take you home."

END



## Nude Hostage Escape

Continued from page 23

I called out, "Madame, if I move over to you, could you try to loosen my wrists?"

The woman said, "I will try, Monsieur."

I had just started wriggling my way on my backside towards the woman when a sharp stab of light flashed on. For a few seconds I was completely blinded by the brilliance of the incandescent bulb burning in the ceiling. I had another three or four seconds to take in my surroundings before the door immediately to my left opened outwards and two men I recognized at once as Algerians entered.

A tall man of 40 or so moved over and stood above me. He was a bearded man dressed in a dirty khaki-colored uniform and wore a Sam Browne belt with a revolver in the holster. He said in good French, "You are a French national?"

"I am French," I replied.

"What is your name?" he continued ignoring my question, and taking from his pocket a notebook and pencil.

I told him my name. He wanted to know where my home was and I told him. Then he moved to the woman. I saw that she was maybe 25 years or so, a blonde who would have been very good looking except for the dirt and partly dried blood on her face. She told him that her name was Danielle Filuk. She was a French national from Perpignan in the district of Roussillon, near the Spanish border and had been working as an assistant in an Oran jewelry store until kidnapped.

I noted that a man who lay near me was dressed in civilian clothes, but that another, still apparently unconscious, was dressed in the uniform of a private in the French Foreign Legion. The Algerian kicked the man nearest me, the man in civilian clothes. He was the one who had been groaning so loudly and as the man struggled to sit up, swearing volubly in French, the Algerian demanded to know his name. The man told the Algerian that his name was Albert Quirize, a businessman from Marseilles on a business trip to Oran.

**T**HE Algerian finished making notes, then moved to the door and stood looking down at us.

"I am sorry," he said slowly but without a sign of regret in his voice, "that it has to be you, but you were the unlucky ones. We merely wished to make sure that you are French nationals. This man," he indicated the legionnaire, "does not matter for he is wearing the uniform of France and is therefore our enemy whatever his nationality. You are aware that one of our men has been sentenced to death in Marseilles for carrying out his duty in the furtherance of our cause to obtain freedom from you French. We are holding you people hostage against our man's life. If our man is gunned down he will be shot and your heads will be sent to the French Military Department as proof

that we mean business. You will be set free the moment our man sets foot in Algeria and is freed by the French."

The French civilian said, "You can't kill me. You will have the whole French army down on you. Not one of you will live."

"Monsieur," the Algerian said coldly, "you are talking nonsense. We already have the whole French army against us." The Algerian spoke in Arabic to his companion; I understood Arabic quite well and knew that he was telling the man to ease our bonds.

"I will pay you," Albert Quirize said plaintively. "I am quite rich. I will pay you well to set me free."

The Algerian shrugged helplessly as he said, "This is not a question of money, Monsieur, but of a man's life. We must use all the means at our disposal to save our own men."

"Will you at least free us from these bonds?" Danielle Filuk pleaded. "My arms and legs are very sore."

"I have already given instructions, Mademoiselle, for this to be done, but in case any of you thinks of getting away, let me tell you that you are in a basement far under a street in Oran in a building which the police and army will never suspect. You cannot escape, and if you try, you will be killed and other prisoners will be taken to be held as hostages," the Algerian warned. The man and his companion marched out. The light was extinguished and we were alone for about ten minutes, until the light came on again and with a grating of a key and churning sound of a lifting bar the door was swung open.

Four Algerians marched into the room. One jerked me erect and another jerked Quirize to a sitting position. A third man handled the woman more gently as he helped her to sit erect against the wall. Then two dragged the legionnaire into the center of the floor of the room, which I figured was about 12 feet by 14 feet, quite a large room, but windowless except for a grating high in the far side wall through which some air filtered.

The same bearded Algerian walked into the room and stood just inside the doorway. "I am a captain in the Algerian national army," he said. "I have orders from my superiors to execute this man." ■ indicated the legionnaire who was lying partly on his side, his eyes wide open, staring up at the Algerian. "We have to prove to the French Military Department that we are not bluffing, that we have you people as prisoners and that we will carry out our threat unless our man is returned safely to us. You will each write a note which I will dictate to the Military Department telling them that you are our prisoners, that you witnessed the execution and decapitation of this legionnaire and that we have told you that you will likewise be executed and decapitated unless our man is set free."

The Algerian barked an order and the four men closed in on two sides on the legionnaire. One man had a revolver in his hand and knelt on the floor and pressed the muzzle against the soldier's head at the base of the skull.

As the legionnaire struggled with his bonds, Danielle Fluk screamed, "You can't kill a man in cold blood like this! How do you hope to help your people by murder? I shall testify against you one day, and I shall see you shot!"

THE Algerian captain gave an order and the gun spat a leaden slug into the soldier's head. His body jerked but the bonds did not yield. For a moment or two the body twitched, then relaxed. The captain snatched another order and one of the men produced a long-bladed two-edged dagger-like knife. One gripped the soldier by the hair and jerked his head back while the other plunged the dagger into his throat just under the left ear and with a clean stroke, severed the man's throat. The French woman screamed and then sagged back in a dead faint.

The captain snapped another order and I saw one of the men, with the dagger dripping with blood, slice through the bonds which held the woman's ankles together and then cut through her wrist bonds. The man came to me and freed my hands and legs and then freed those of Quirie.

"I will be back in a few minutes with the paper and pencil for you to write your notes," the captain said. "I shall then also have this person's body removed."

As they marched out of the room and

shut the door, the lights went out again. I crawled over the floor, still suffering the agony in my half-dead wrists and legs and a splitting headache from the doped drink, until I reached the woman and took her head from the floor and cradled it in my arm until she recovered her consciousness.

"They killed him! They killed him!" she kept repeating over and over again. "I saw them murder that poor man."

I spoke softly to her, tried to calm her and presently she settled in my arm, sobbing but more composed. It was more than half an hour before the captain and five Algerian rebel soldiers appeared.

When the door opened again, the captain and five men walked into the room. Two of the men removed the corpse and the captain handed each of us a sheet of paper and pencil and dictated the brief note which we had to write to the Military Department and to sign. Then a man appeared carrying a small folding camera with a flashlight attachment and took a picture of each of us where we sat against the wall.

"If they think we are bluffing, they will have to think again tonight," the rebel captain said, "for tonight they will receive your letters and your photographs attached to them as proof that we have you, and also the head of their paid mercenary. He was not a Frenchman; his papers showed that he was another European. A man who fights another country's battles must expect to die as he did. He deserves no better. We will presently bring you some food. You will not be treated badly while you are here, if you do as we say."

The room became dark again. It seemed

odd to me that we could hear nothing, no footsteps, no voices, once the door was closed. I figured that it must be a very thick door.

"What are we going to do?" Danielle asked. "We cannot just sit here and allow them to kill us."

I said slowly, "I don't know, Mademoiselle. There doesn't seem to be much that we can do except hope."

We lapsed into silence. There was nothing to say, nothing to do except sit there. I felt sick on my stomach and nauseated by the sight that I had seen. I realized that this was all out war with no quarters to be given or asked. The Algerians were indiscriminately killing French and even other white people in hopes they would force the French to give them their independence. I had stumbled right into it because I had picked up a pretty girl in a café-night club.

I KNEW for a fact that the Algerians were not fooling and that they would kill us. They had to do it, there was no other way that they could prove to the French military authorities that they meant business. ■ was very small comfort to know that when the Algerians responsible for the death of the legionnaires and for our deaths were caught, they would be executed. However, that wouldn't save our lives. There seemed nothing to do but wait. I took a spot check of Mademoiselle Fluk and Monsieur Quirie to find out if they had any kind of weapon. They had nothing.

I was leaning up against the wall and Danielle Fluk was sitting up against my right shoulder with my right arm around and helping to support her. She was quiet,

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perhaps deep in thought. We did not move or say anything again until about an hour later when the light came on and an Algerian brought a bucket and tin mug to the room. Another man, with a revolver in his hand, stood guard in the door while the first man placed the bucket in the room. He said, in Arabic, "Soup."

When they left the light remained on. I was hungry and drank some of the watery soup that tasted like dishwater. Danielle and Quirie would not have any even though I told them it might restore a little of their strength. Some time afterwards Danielle crawled to the bucket and drank a little, but still Quirie would have none of it.

**T**HE hours dragged. Although the light was on in the room, we did not know whether it was night or day or what time it was. Danielle told me that she had come from a store at closing time and just as she began walking along the busy sidewalk, a car parked ahead of her began moving slowly. Two men suddenly closed in on her, the door was flung open and she was shoved into the car and whisked away. It had all happened so fast that by the time passengers realized what had happened the car was out of sight.

Danielle settled in my arms and made herself comfortable. I too, felt myself doing off and did not fight against it.

I was awakened however, by Danielle shaking me. Quirie, I saw, was lying curled up on the floor like a cat, asleep. "I have thought of something, Monsieur La Brecque," she said. "Can't we attack the men when they return. I could attack one and you another."

I smiled and said, "I have thought of Quirie and I tackling them, but they'd kill us before . . ."

"You have not thought of me, Monsieur," the woman said. "They watch you and that man. They do not watch me."

There was much in what she said, I thought to myself. "If we get killed," I said, we haven't much to lose, have we? It only means dying a little sooner. What is your plan, Mademoiselle?"

"I am not bad looking," she said, and I looked at her dirty, smudged and blood-caked face. "If I take off some of my clothes to make a pillow—and clean my face. You see, Monsieur, can a man fall to look at a half-dressed woman?"

I smiled although God knows I felt far from smiling just then: "You are right, Mademoiselle," I said. I could see possibilities. I called Quirie and told him roughly what we planned.

"No, no, no," the French businessman exclaimed. "No, I will not be killed by some crazy plan. The soldiers are certain to find us. We will be saved."

"Monsieur Quirie," Danielle said, "you do not know the rebels. You have not been here long. We will be dead and our heads delivered to the authorities long before the authorities will start looking for us. Oran is big, the French have many troubles here. Is it not better to die fighting than to die without putting up a fight?"

Quirie was silent for a few minutes, then said, tiredly, "What must I do?"

"Help Monsieur La Brecque when he goes to work. Watch him and act only when he does," Danielle said.

She disrobed until she stood in a brassiere and pantie. She had a good figure, well developed, full breasts, very desirable indeed. I took her stockings and dipped them in the soup and then cleaned her face.

When I was finished wiping all the smudges and blood from her face she looked quite different. Right next to the door she laid her dress full length and folded her underclothing into a roll as a pillow, then she deliberately removed her brassiere and laid it neatly next to the pillow. She lay down on her back, stretched out naked except for the panties.

Then she said, looking at the high ceiling, "Messieurs, I have for the moment done my part. Let us hope that we can get away."

Another hour passed. I could feel my thoughts keep returning to the attractive and most desirable form of Danielle Filuk lying there near the door, but there were more important things at the moment than sex. But still, it was difficult.

I was sitting on the floor against the wall on the other side of the door—the door was about two feet six inches wide and this was the only distance that separated Danielle from me. Quirie sat against the wall directly opposite the door. We were tense and keyed up as we waited for something to happen. I guess all three of us knew that our chances of successfully overpowering two or three guards were negligible. Still we were willing to try.

An electric tension hung in the air and reached the explosive point as we heard the key grate in the door. Then the lifting of the bar which apparently covered the door Danielle looked at me and nodded; she did not smile, but raised her shoulders a fraction to make herself more attractive.

An Algerian moved into the room towards the bucket. I watched the other man on guard at the door. He had glanced at me as they entered, now his eyes were fastened on Danielle. I could almost read his mind as he gazed over her white body. I saw him grow tense, I could feel the passion welling up in him. I dived at his feet. He crashed over the prone woman, the revolver flew from his hand, and Quirie simultaneously dived at the other man who had turned his back.

I had my right arm under the man's chin, on his windpipe. I felt Danielle crawl from under us; I heard a crunching sound as something flashed past my face and the Algerian grew limp in my arms. I saw a blurred movement as the woman swung the revolver down and smashed the skull of the man fighting with Quirie. It happened so fast that it was over almost as soon as it started.

I stood panting. Next to me Quirie said hoarsely, "Let's get going, quick." Danielle was slipping the dress over her head. I rummaged through the dead Algerians' pockets looking for another revolver, but found only a dagger which I gave to Quirie. "Remember," I whispered "we stood in the doorway," "don't ask questions, just kill anyone who gets in our way."

I checked the revolver. It had only four cartridges. Then I nodded at Danielle and Quirie and led the way up the narrow stairs which led straight down from somewhere above to the door of the basement.

A beam of light shot into the hole up which the steep stairway led. I saw above a square and assumed that the stairs led to a trapdoor. I listened, but could hear nothing. Cautiously I poked my head over the top and saw that we were in a kitchen. There was a window and door, but the door was closed.

**A**S I got to the floor and waited for the others, I heard the sound of voices from beyond the door. I moved silently to the window. It was dark outside, but I distinguished some kind of building which seemed to be about twenty to thirty feet behind the kitchen window.

I craned my neck to look down but could not see how far above the ground we were. The window was filthy and looked as though it hadn't been cleaned for years. There was a single catch which locked the upper and lower windows together. I tried it, but it was caked with grime and dirt. I motioned to Quirie to give me the dagger and scraped carefully around the latch and then tapped it lightly until it began to move. Then I moved it aside with my thumb and forefinger.

Time was running out on us. Within minutes or maybe even seconds someone might come from beyond the door to find out why the two guards were taking so long about collecting the bucket.

I struggled to open the window. It began

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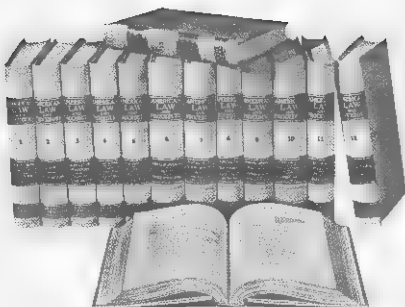
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(Continued on page 52)

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to hudge, but slowly and with a loud creak-  
ing noise, then, suddenly it shot upwards and  
struck the upper framework with a resound-  
ing blow. I thrust Danielle into the win-  
dow as I whirled to face the door, expecting  
someone to come charging through it. I did  
not see Quirie go but heard him whisper  
behind me, "Come, Monsieur."

I was sweating now, reluctant to turn any  
back on the door, and yet with only seconds  
to spare for as I swung my legs over the  
window sill, what I feared most, happened—the  
door swung open. A man appeared in it. I  
caught a fleeting glimpse of his swarthy, Arab  
face. I squeezed the trigger and almost saw  
the bullet plow into his chest, then I  
dropped and fell as my feet struck some ob-  
struction. I heard Danielle yell, "This way!"

I raced after the sound. From the window  
shots echoed through the backyard. I tripped  
over some rubbish, jumped up and ran. In  
front of me I saw Quirie and in front of him  
Danielle. She had reached a wall and was  
scaling it. I leaped up as a bullet smacked  
into the wall and dropped down the other  
side of the four-foot wall. We hesitated for  
a moment. The laneway in which we stood  
ran in two ways, which way to go was the  
question. Quirie decided it by starting to run  
westerly. We followed. Behind us we  
heard shouts and screams and sounds of men  
running. We could see nothing except the  
walls in the darkness. We might be run-  
ning into a dead end to be trapped and shot  
down by the rebels.

Then Quirie burst into an open space, a  
large square-like place with buildings in the  
far side. I heard Danielle yell something and  
felt her grab my hand.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" I heard her scream-  
ing after Quirie as he raced across the  
square away from us. She ran with me,  
diagonally across the square just as some  
men burst into the square close behind us.  
In a moment we were lost in a maze of small  
alleys until we slipped into a wide street.  
Far below, possibly a quarter of a mile away,  
we saw lights. We went on running until  
we ran into the arms of four gendarmes  
patrolling the streets.

Danielle exploded the story of our escape  
seconds after the gendarmes had escorted us  
into the nearest charge office of the gen-

darmier. Screams screamed as police and  
military vehicles raced in the general direc-  
tion of the building from which we had  
escaped, but we could not tell the authori-  
ties where the house was.

We slept at police headquarters the rest  
of the night, it was just after two o'clock  
in the morning when we ran into the gen-  
darmes, and the following morning we were  
escorted to Military Department headquar-  
ters where we carefully told the whole story.  
They already had received the head of the  
legionnaire and our notes and I was asked to  
identify the items.

We were also directed to say nothing of  
the occurrence until authorized by the Mili-  
tary Department. We were told that this  
was for reasons of security as any statements  
made by us might panic the entire white  
population of Oran.

Every house and building in the approxi-  
mate area of where we were held prisoner  
was searched by armed forces, but nothing  
was found. No sign of the house with the  
dungeon-like basement and no sign of the  
two Algerians whom we thought we had  
killed. And for seven days no sign of Quirie.  
Then one morning, eight days after our  
escape, a boxed parcel arrived at Military  
Headquarters and when it was opened by  
bomb disposal experts, the head of Quirie  
was found inside.

I received a clearance from the Oran mili-  
tary authorities the same day to leave for  
France or wherever I wished to go within  
French jurisdiction. They told me that when  
and if they caught the responsible rebels they  
would require my testimony.

The girl, Vivienne, who had led me  
into the trap had disappeared; when police  
searched her room they found nothing. She  
had vanished without a trace.

I WENT to see Danielle Filak just before  
I left for Tangier and suggested that she  
should leave Oran. "Where shall I go?"  
she asked as we stood together.

"Why not Tangier?" I asked as I took  
her hand. "We have so many things to talk  
about and being that I'll be there too, I'm  
sure we will find much time to talk about  
them." When I left for Tangier later in the  
evening she went with me. In some  
ways, perhaps, my Algerian "vacation" had  
not been so bad after all.

"Getting to us can't even hang on our wash without some  
would-be rescuer showing up."

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## Get-Rich-Quick SUCKER

Continued from page 19

them screamed, "I knew you two were crooks. I'm going to get the cops."

Harrison jammed the money back into his pocket and yelled to Cooper, "Run like hell, boy. I'll meet you on the train as soon as I shake him."

Sitting on the train out of breath, Cooper waited impatiently for Harrison. The New Jersey shore seemed to rush past outside the train window. Cooper rose and walked along the train. After walking through two cars, he stopped and returned to his seat. He knew where Harrison was now—back in Penn Station splitting up his \$600 with the newcomer. And how the hell do you go to the police, he wondered, and tell them you was taken while trying to take another guy. "Oh, hell," he muttered aloud starting an elderly lady across from him, "another fifteen minutes and they'd had all my dough instead of what they got."

THIS simple swindle contains the key ■ all confidence games, old and new. It is the promise, that doesn't quite pay off the way it's supposed to.

So that you'll believe his promise, the swindler charms and flatters you, using brains instead of bullets for his thievery. Only when he wins your trust completely, and fleeces you, does he attain the title of the elite in crime: confidence man. Only when you give him your trust do you become the proverbial sucker born every minute: the mark.

The key, then, is trust—withhold it until there is a good reason to give it and you beat the sharpers ■ their own game.

All confidence men work on four basic desires of the mark: (1) the desire to get something for nothing, (2) the desire to get something cheaper, (3) the desire to beat the laws of chance, (4) the desire to be a regular Joe. As long as these desires are too strong, the confidence man must win. By learning a few examples how the confidence man takes advantage of these desires, you can avoid the traps. These are but a few, to be sure, but it doesn't matter. All the rest are just variations.

And don't forget! Before World War II, the confidence man concentrated on the "big money," seeking out wealthy suckers to fleece. Today, he works the mass market, taking fewer dollars per head, but from many more people.

Everyone wants to be rich—and why not? Money, they say, can buy everything but happiness, and most people would prefer unhappiness with some comfort. But making money, like hitting baseballs over the fence, requires judgment, skill and timing. This simple rule kept in mind will stop you from rushing in where angels fear to tread: If it looks too good to be true—it usually is! Here are some of the classic schemes of the last few years that

have bilked more men than one—and may, be even you.

## THE STOCK MARKET

If you received a phone call telling you a certain stock would rise on the exchange tomorrow you might think it a lucky guess. But if the same caller accurately predicted the market trend every single day for a full week, you would certainly be impressed. You would be so impressed, in fact, that you'd gladly pay money ■ "get in" on this good thing—as would everyone else on the con man's list.

Starting with a few hundred names, the stock swindler phones each person, telling him that a certain stock will go up or down. Half his predictions are for a rise, half for a fall. Each day he drops the "misses" and rephones the "hits".

Using this same system day by day he ends the week with several names that have received correct information from him every time. Naturally those telephoned know nothing of the other calls. By the end of the week each one firmly believes the con man ■ a leading expert in the stock market.

At the week's end the con man makes an offer of a phony stock. By then the victim is anxious to give money.

Today, teams of stock swindlers, many former "pitch men," work from "boiler rooms" in Canada and the East Coast, phoning nightly across the nation to unvarying citizens.

## THE MEXICAN PRISONER

Today you may have received a letter that made your heart beat faster. It was from a prisoner in a Mexican jail, asking for money. Because this man couldn't pay some debts ■ is languishing in prison until a friend helps him out. If you send the money he needs you'll be a partner in his secret Uranium mine.

Three months ago, the writer of the letter explains, he discovered a rich deposit of the precious element in the Madras Mountains. He alone knows the location. Your financial help at this time will automatically be repaid thousands of times in Uranium wealth.

Who would fall for such an obvious scheme? You might not, but hundreds of others do every single year.

## A FREE CAR

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(Continued on page 56)

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(Continued from page 56)

explains, "they may be eating up your house right now!"

You know the damage these insects do, so you are grateful when he offers to give you a free termite inspection. From his car he procures a large case and disappears around the back of the house. Presently he returns to where you are waiting, and shows you a board.

You are shocked, for the board is crevassed with grooves, and in the grooves are live termites! "Your house will collapse soon," you are horrified to hear him say, "unless it is treated immediately with our method."

Of course you must save your home, but what about the cost? He says that depends upon how many gallons of poison he needs to kill off the termites.

Frantic with fear, you tell him to go ahead. He obliges with the treatment, and gives you a bill for \$600. You pay, gratefully thanking him for the quick service. This termite inspector is a bunco artist. He has just performed a worthless job on your house. The board with termites he showed you was a 'prop' he carries to frighten home owners into buying his service. In some cases there are no termites; in others, his phony treatment does absolutely no good.

### GYP MOVERS

The moving business is a substantial industry, developed by many years of effort and service. However, a few unscrupulous operators try to trick unwary customers into paying high charges for unsatisfactory services. Most cities, local movers are not controlled, so there is no guarantee on service, except what the mover gives you. The fact that a company claims to be "bonded" and "insured" means nothing legally, so don't be fooled by high-sounding promises.

The exact amount you'll be charged for a move is based on the weight of your shipment, the distance it travels, and any additional service that is performed. That means an "estimated" cost is just a professional guess, and may be different from the actual charge. This final charge must be paid on delivery, or your belongings will be taken to a warehouse and you'll be charged for storage.

How, then, can you protect yourself against the gyps in the moving business? By avoiding the questionable operator who uses low estimates as "bait" to get jobs, by dealing with a reliable company, and by buying Transit Insurance to cover the full value of your shipment.

### THE LOAN SHARK

Borrow any money today?

If it was from a loan shark then you're in trouble! Yes, loan sharks still populate the cityside, disguised as respectable lending institutions, taking illegal and exorbitant fees from borrowers. If you signed up with one you'd better second, very carefully, a copy of the agreement you made. It may say that you pay money every week or month for the interest on the loan, without any of the money going to pay off the loan itself! Suppose you borrowed \$100.

Years from now you may have paid off the interest, but still owe the original \$100.

Your state has laws limiting the amount of interest that can be charged on your loan. Do you know what it is? Your payments may look like 6% interest, but being paid—but is that 6% per month? If so, then multiply the 6% by 12 months and you get 72% interest a year!

There is a difference between interest and finance charges, so don't sign a contract until you get an itemization of charges. Remember, too, not to sign anything until all the blank spaces have been filled in completely, with the exact amount you borrow stated correctly.

Get and keep a copy of the agreement, and never sign anything that gives the loan shark the right to attach your salary. You'd be in hock for life.

### TIRED TIRES

"You need new tires for your car! We've got a bargain on them," the tire shop operator tells you. He quotes a price that pleases you, and you agree to buy a set. As you watch the tires being mounted, you notice the word "Reject" on one of them, and ask about it.

"It's a second," the man explains. "A slight flaw in the lettering or tread. It doesn't mean nothing. That's why we can sell them so cheap."

Satisfied, you pay for the tires and drive away, congratulating yourself on your business acumen, but unaware you're endangering your life!

"Reject" tires are imperfect products that most manufacturers cut up and throw away, because they know they are not safe for road use. Some tire manufacturers do market these tires, but with their names removed, and the word "Reject" burned into the tire. The understanding being that these tires will be sold only for farm vehicles or work equipment, not for use on highways.

Unfortunately, certain unscrupulous discount tire dealers in the country have obtained quantities of these tires, and sell them to the suckers without proper identification.

Some used car dealers even mount them on their newer models, or pass them off



as new spares—making certain the damaged parts are not noticeable.

### CHEAP INSURANCE

You and your spouse look over an ad that offers complete insurance coverage for a mighty small fee. It reads:

Complete protection for \$2.50 a month. Entire family protected. No medical examination, no salesman will call. Further on you find the policy protects you for all diseases, illnesses and accidents. It intimates you can collect even if you break a toe by tripping over a gopher in your garden. Off goes your money.

Month after month your money is sent across country to the insurance company, until you actually do break a toe.

A telegram is rushed to the insurance company so you can collect on the policy and pay the doctor bill. You receive—not money, but a notice telling you no funds are forthcoming.

What can you do about it?

Not much, you find, for there is no way in your home town of legally forcing an out-of-state company to pay. ■ You could afford to travel to the company's state, hire a lawyer, sue and take the case to court, you might collect something.

You could have saved those dollars in the first place, and bought a legitimate policy, by realizing the ad failed to state how long you would have to pay the monthly charge. Technically you would be paying every month as long as you lived. Moreover, the phrase "no salesman will call" was a clue that the company wasn't even licensed to sell insurance in your state.

### RARE COINS

Would you like \$30 for a penny?

If you have a 1914 penny, a very well worn but worth \$30, provided it has a small letter "D" under the date, indicating ■ was minted in Denver.

The fact that certain old and rare coins are valuable is the lure of an ad you may see sometime soon. It encourages you to buy an album for a dollar. The album is really a cardboard folder with a dozen holes in it to hold nickels. Under the holes are dates. If you fill every hole with the correctly dated coins, and return them to the address in the ad, you'll receive five dollars.

That's a clear profit of \$3.40 for you—except for one thing: one of the holes is marked 1913. Since there is only one Liberty Head nickel of that date known to be floating around loose, it is easily worth \$3000! Therefore it is almost impossible for you ever to fill the album—and get anything for it.

However, if you are fortunate enough to find that 1913 nickel, put it in one of the albums and return it—they'll be most happy to send you five dollars.

AND now for a bonus, take a look at a couple of these slick ads. How many would you have fallen for?

### YOUR NAME HAS APPEARED IN PRINT

Our clipping service will send you the item upon receipt of \$1. Box 123, City. Those are the words on a post card in



KNOWLEDGE  
THAT HAS  
ENDURED WITH THE  
PYRAMIDS

## A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and ■ host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to interpret certain Secret Methods for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their own beings, and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use its profound principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

### This Sealed Book — FREE

Has life brought you that personal satisfaction, the sense of achievement and happiness that you desire? If not, it is your duty ■ yourself to learn about this rational method of applying natural laws for the mastery of life. To the thoughtful person it is obvious that everyone cannot be entrusted with an intimate knowledge of the mysteries of life, for everyone is not capable of properly using it. But if you are one of those possessed of a true desire to forge ahead and wish to make use of the subtle influences of life, the Rosicrucians (not a religious organization) will send you a Sealed Book of explanation without obligation. This Sealed Book tells how you, in the privacy of your own home, without interference with your personal affairs or manner of living, may receive these secret teachings. Not weird or strange practices, but a rational application of the basic laws of life. To obtain your complimentary copy use the coupon below or address Scribe C.K.T.

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 Congress & Thrope Sts., Chicago 7, Ill.

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Name  Apt.   
 Address   
 City  State  Zip

your mail box. If you do send a dollar, to some enterprising con man with his feet up on a desk, you'll get back your name in print, all right—clipped right out of the telephone book!

Here's another:

## NOVEL INSECT KILLER \$1

No bait needed! Lasts indefinitely! Send for yours today, to Box 123, City.

The novel insect killer? A spring clothespin. Instructions sent with it direct you to place the insect between the jaws of the clothespin and release the pressure. The bug is pinched to death.

Now that you know how he operates, see if you can catch the flaw in this ad:

## SILK! FINEST QUALITY!

Not remnants, but the highest grade of silk! Your choice of colors. A full 15 yards for only—\$5—for a limited time only. Rush your order to Box 123, City.

Looking for a bargain? This certainly sounds like one ■ you send ■ you'll receive a package of silk—good quality, too—but it will be a spool of silk thread! The bunco expert simply neglected to mention the width ■ the silk in his neat but deceptive ad.

**L**AST but not least, everyone wants to be a Regular Joe. But, sometimes if you're not careful, you become a Regular Jerk. These swindlers, in a way, are the cruelest of all for they work on human emotions that are good ones in the main. The confidence men who practice them are the scum of a bad lot. As a result of these confidence men, political parties, worthwhile charities, service organizations suffer in two ways: the public loses confidence and the worthwhile people lose the money to the grifters.

■ every case you can spot the phony collector by the urgency ■ his demand. You must hand over your money right away. Just you get suspicious and check up on him. If you hesitate, he puts on the pressure, embarrassing you, or even using veiled threats.

Authorized representatives who make collections have credentials ■ show you, always give receipts, and never object if you make a telephone call to headquarters to get the straight facts.

## THE DEATH VULTURE

Death, too, creates an open market for the unscrupulous con man, who preys on those who have recently lost their loved ones.

When a man calls on you with a surprise gift, you are deeply moved. It seems your recently departed husband had ordered an expensive lockert for you. The bill for it comes to \$95.

The salesman professes his sorrow at having to trouble you at this time, and relates he would gladly cancel the order, but as you can see, the lockert is engraved with your initials.

This remembrance of your husband touches you deeply, so you accept the present without question. You pay for the

costly jewelry, not realizing you have just become another victim of the Death Vulture.

Using the bereavement of his victims in order to sell cheap items at exorbitant prices, this con man peddles Bibles, flowers, jewelry and other personal gifts.

The obituary columns of the daily newspapers provide a steady list of customers for the Death Vulture.

## A SCREEN TEST

### A screen test!

This is your big chance to be a movie star, for the local talent school has invited you to make a screen test to send ■ Hollywood! Sure enough, when you show up at the school, a camera is poised to take motion pictures of those waiting.

Personnel hurry about collecting audition fees, and thrusting copy into the hands of many would-be actors. You are instructed to memorize your page of copy and be ready in twenty minutes.

You barely have time to study the script when you are shoved in front of the camera and instructed to speak. Awkward and self-conscious, you stumble through the words. Someone calls "next!" and another person takes your place.

■ three days you return to the school to see your test. When the film ■ shown, you are detected, for all your mistakes seem magnified on the screen. But the school manager surprises you by being delighted. All you need, he assures you, is a course of lessons (to straighten out your speech, gestures, pose, grooming and make-up. He bubbles with enthusiastic promises of the career ahead for you. You sign up for the course.

You've been taken, for the screen test is just a trick to lure your dollars, not ■ tryout for motion pictures. Legitimate schools don't give false promises of employment, or infer you'll land a Hollywood contract. Neither do those who give honest auditions ask for a fee.

**A** CONSTANT hunt goes on for the confidence man.

Postal Inspectors, Better Business Bureaus, Police, Fair Trade Associations; Federal and State Commissions, Departments, Agencies and Investigators constantly seek his whereabouts.

Still the confidence man piles his trade. Why?

Because you want to be a sap. **END**

## PHOTO CREDITS

Photos used in this issue are from the following sources: P. 14, (d) WW, (tr) UPI, (bl) WW; P. 15, (l) UPI, (r) European; pp. 18-19, UPI; P. 19, UPI; P. 22, (l & m) author; pp. 22-23, UPI; P. 23, UPI; P. 26, (l) WW, (bl) UPI, (br) PIX—Kammerman; P. 29, (l) & (hr) m PIX—Kammerman, (tr) WW; ■ 30, UPI, ■ 31, European; P. 32, (l) European—Fara, (m) London Daily Express (Pictorial Parade, Inc.), (tr) UPI; p. 33, (ml & t) UPI, (mr) European—PU, (b) Sovfoto—Kuleshov.



## Spy Who Wrecked Paris' Party-Girls

Continued from page 29

"They'll all lose, Girard, by default. I've lived through a few other interesting experiences, likely I'll live through this one, too."

"All the same, Duchez, Lavarre, Machuron and a few others of the group are getting together. Until this thing dies down you'll have to put up with an armed guard."

The very next week, a short time before Marthe's anti-prostitution proposals came up for a vote among the town councillors, she nearly swallowed six raw oysters that someone had loaded with arsenic. Marthe acted characteristically. She simply ran to tell reporters about it.

As a British journalist noted, Marthe was a daredevil—one from way back. She came by her spirit honestly, since her father was an adjutant in the Hussars. An ardent sportswoman, Marthe showed no hesitancy in displaying her proclivity for the unorthodox. How many well-brought-up girls amused themselves target practicing? Marthe, before she was 21, won second prize at an international competition in Lille, France.

In June 1913, after taking instruction for just two months, she became one of the first

women in France to receive her pilot's license. She was twenty-four years old at the time. A couple of months later she cracked up her plane during an aviation meet. Hospitalized for the better part of six months, she took to the air again as soon as she was able. And in May 1914, won the women's record for distance and duration in a flight from Crotoy to Zurich, Switzerland.

She married a wealthy industrialist, Henri Richard. He allowed her to fly in exhibitions all over Europe and the United States. She crashed a second time. Now, though she wasn't seriously hurt, Henri begged her to quit flying. Before Marthe had run out of all the ways of saying no, World War I began.

Henri went off to the front. Marthe founded a league called, "Patriotic Union of Women Aviators," and waited to be asked to participate in the war as courier, liaison agent, look-out, equipment-tester, or any other way the Government might choose.

The French Government chose to ignore her. A furious Marthe ran to the newspapers. "My comrades and I offer our services to France or to the Allies, it does not matter where, but we want to be made use of. We

have risked our lives for sport, therefore the sacrifice we now propose to make is of no consequence. There are only seven of us, but others will follow quickly. Nurses are going to the front line, why should not women aviators be sent there?"

The Government also ignored that little speech. But when Marthe wanted to do something, she did it.

ONE warm May day in 1916 she strode into a newly-erected building, 282 Boulevard St. Germain, Paris, and faced Major Georges Ladoix, Chief of the *Cinquieme Bureau* [French counter-espionage service].

The Major liked what he saw. Bobbed chestnut hair framed Marthe's pretty face. Unlike many women who engaged in "manish" sports, she made no attempt to hide her full, rounded figure. Sitting across from him, Marthe was calm, composed. He liked that, too. But on the Major's desk was a dossier, and it bore her name.

"Madame Richard, I'll be frank with you," he told her. "We already know you."

He tapped the folder significantly. Marthe misunderstood him. "But how could you have known that I wished to work for you?" She grinned. "Well, you are even better than I expected. So everything is settled?"

"Not quite. The information I have here seems to suggest that you are employed."

He hesitated discreetly, but still Marthe didn't catch on. "Employed? No, I'm not working now."

"In counterespionage," said the Major softly. He pretended to occupy himself with a few documents on his desk, waiting for her reaction.

## Which of These Success Stories Will Come True for YOU?

### "Can A Man My Age Become a Hotel Executive?"

**"Yes," says M. Richards Criss, Who Became Hotel Manager Though Without Hotel Experience**

"Today I'm the Manager of a beautiful resort hotel, but when I signed up for the Lewis Course, I didn't have any experience and was 47 years old! I had been a salesman for 20 years and wondered if I could make the change. Even before I got my diploma I had my answer in the wonderful position I now hold."

### "How I Stepped Into A Big Pay Hotel Job"

**Mrs. Jane Young, Though Inexperienced in Hotel Work, Succeeds As Club Manager-Hoist**

"I am now Manager-Hoist of one of the dining and social clubs of Princeton University and find it very interesting work, as I love to be around young people. I want to thank the Lewis School for the privilege of taking the course. For this new-found success, I shall always be grateful to the Lewis School."

### Can You Succeed as a Hotel Executive?

**E. H. Buck Becomes Hotel Manager Though Without Previous Hotel Experience**

"What a difference between driving a truck and being Manager of a beautiful motel. My family and I live in luxury and I earn a substantial salary, too. We will always be thankful for the Lewis Hotel Training School because it lets people like us enjoy the better things in life."

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ing at her, resentful because he couldn't understand her reaction to her exposure. But he was also looking at her in the way a desiring man looks at a woman.

"Yes," she repeated, "the letter means exactly what it says. I'm an agent of the *Cinquecento* Bureau. If you know anything at all about that cheap outfit, you know they prefer to pay their agents with lectures on patriotism. Well, I can't live on patriotism. I like nice things too much. Sheer blouses." Deliberately she touched her blouse above her breasts. "Silk stockings." She started to run a hand up her good-looking leg, but stopped abruptly, letting her skirt fall back into place. "And I mean to have those things. Yes, even if I have to work for you as well, my mysterious German friend. Who are you, anyway? Are you really handsome, or do those glasses just make you appear so?" Gently, Marthe removed his smoked glasses. Cold blue eyes stared at her. She saw the hunger and suspicion mixed in his eyes. "Don't you know that as an agent of the *Cinquecento* Bureau I'm in the better position to help you?" said Marthe softly.

She waited. Finally, as they were about to emerge from the forest drive, he leaned forward, shouting, "Hans, stop the car. This is a good place for the picnic." As he turned to reach for her, Marthe knew she had won.

FOR two years, during 1916 and 1917, Marthe worked as a double agent in Spain. Friedrich received a mistress and batches of French military secrets. There was just one thing wrong with those secrets. The information, though genuine, always arrived just a bit too late to do the Germans any good.

Eventually, she was also able to identify her German benefactor. He was Baron Hans von Krohn, Chief of German Naval Intelligence in Spain.

Major Ladoux fared better. Marthe was able to send him samples of German "synthetic" ink, far superior to the French product, which French chemists were able to break down. She sent him examples of Bavarian arts and crafts like a hollow cane filled with a special incendiary product, capable of consuming everything within a radius of 65 feet. She sent him detailed reports of German U-boat missions. And she gave him one of a shock.

Without advance notice, she suddenly advised that she was sailing. Buenos Aires, Argentina. But if Ladoux nourished any suspicion that Marthe was pulling out on him, it was quickly dispelled. Marthe was merely about to save the Allied stocks of food.

Grains and other foodstuffs were becoming increasingly scarce in Europe. The Allies bought up huge quantities of Argentine wheat and kept it in storehouses near Buenos Aires, to be shipped to Europe as needed. The Germans conceived a diabolical scheme to ruin that wheat.

Berlin's Institute of Agriculture bred a rare kind of weevil especially for this purpose. These little devils multiplied with amazing rapidity. They could destroy tons of wheat within a matter of days.

Marthe, whom Baron von Krohn now loved and trusted completely, was picked to deliver a supply of the weevils to a German agent in Buenos Aires. The agent would arrange to have them set free in the Allied storehouses.

Marthe left Spain on the slow, dirty *Reina Cristina*. She hardly enjoyed the interminable voyage, nor did the weevils, which were cooped up in two flasks hidden in her trunk. Every day Marthe looked out of her cabin porthole, longing to throw those flasks overboard. It wasn't that simple. Getting rid of them without arousing German suspicions would require something far more subtle.

ONE day she passed a grinning, heat-redened stoker who had just crawled up on deck for a breath of fresh air. Marthe grinned back. This man was the answer to her problem. From then on she made a point of running into him. They smoked cigarettes and joked. On Marthe's last full day aboard she sprang her plan.

"Pedro, you can do me a big favor," the stoker nodded vigorously. "Con mucho gusto, Senora. You ask."

"Well, I'm giving a surprise party for some friends tonight. I want to make the drinks with heated rum, but I'm afraid my steward will give everything away if I ask him to help me. Later on, will you show me the way to the boilers?"

The stoker scratched his tanned black hair. "But how will that help you?"

"Oh, it's perfectly simple," said Marthe brightly. "I'll just hold my flasks of rum against the hot boilers. That will heat them."

"Sure, Senora, I fix it." He grinned. "You have a good time tonight, eh?"

Marthe did; the weevils didn't. The next day, when she walked down the gangplank, the German agent was on the pier to meet her. "Something awful's happened!" wailed Marthe, practically in tears. "Crossing the

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**DANIEL S. MEAD**

Literary Agent

Dept. 27, 918 Broadway, N. Y. 10

equator, the heat was excruciating and all those poor little weevils perished!"

Not long afterwards, the war ended. So did Marthe's adventures as a spy. She lectured and wrote her memoirs, which were published in France and England. A motion picture was made of her life story. She married a handsome young Englishman, Thomas Crompton, but after a few years became widowed again.

The Second World War began. The Low Countries fell and Hitler invaded France. Marthe, horrified, saw that Paris was crawling with German agents and spies; she recognized many of them from her own days as a double agent. Medically she began exposing them to military intelligence. As a result of these efforts, the Nazi radio network, beamed at France, offered a reward of one million francs for her death.

Paris was declared an open city. France fell, crushed under Hitler's hordes. Marshall Petain established his fascist-collaborationist government in Vichy, Unoccupied France.

Marthe hurried to Vichy. As far as she was concerned, France hadn't capitulated. Along with DeGaulle, who was organizing the Free French movement in London, she believed passionately that every true Frenchman must continue to fight the Germans.

All over France, clandestine Resistance groups were being formed to harass the Germans. Marthe helped organize the first such group in Vichy itself. Elsewhere, German supply depots were set on fire, crucial bridges and railroad trestles blown up. Marthe's Resistance group continued to fight the war by furnishing false identity papers to French, British and (later) American prisoners of war who had managed to escape from Germany.

Her own fault, really. She was sitting in a bistro, sipping cognac with a recent escapee. His name was Roland; he had sneaked out of Germany into Unoccupied France via Belgium. Hanging on the wall above Marthe was a large framed photo of Marshall Petain, head of the Vichy Government. The picture hung everywhere; everywhere she was minded of the man who was disgracing French honor. Suddenly the sight turned her stomach.

"There's something wrong with that photograph," she said sharply.

"What's that?" asked Roland.

"It would look better with the face turned to the wall."

A beefy man at the next table overheard her. "What are you, a damn Gaullist?" he shouted, pounding his fist on the table.

"Oui!" Marthe shouted back. "I am."

"People like you are the real traitors of France, trying to get everybody into trouble!" stormed the man. "You and those escaped prisoners who make it hot for the rest of us. Why don't you just—"

Roland cut off the rest of the tirade. Uttering a string of curses, he rammed his fist into the man's face. Sprawled on the floor, with blood pouring from his mouth, the man yelled, "Gendarmes! Gendarmes!"

Marthe and Roland sprinted for the door. There were few customers in the bistro. The tired workers continued drinking wine and didn't try to stop them. They separated and lost themselves in the late-afternoon crowds.

The Resistance didn't have a sense of humor about this kind of thing. It couldn't

afford to have "You ought not have shot off your mouth like that," reprimanded Jacques Etienne, a mild-mannered clerk by day, a Colonel in the Resistance by night.

"I know, I know," agreed Marthe wearily. "Whatever got into me? I'm sorry."

Jacques softened, cupped her chin in his hand, looked into her tired face. "You've gone too long without a stop. All worn out. I can see it. Now is the time for you to take a rest."

Getting to Nancy presented a new problem. Unlike Lyon, which was an Unoccupied France, Nancy was in the German-occupied area of the country. Between the two was an artificial border, manned by Nazis who scrutinized all papers carefully. Marthe had no travel permit, and didn't want to take the chance of using a phony one. There was still the chance that some sharp-eyed Gestapo official might recognize her. She would have to cross over through fields, in the cover of darkness.

There was a Resistance organization to take care of clandestine travelers like Marthe. *Passports*; these guides called themselves—literally, *Passing Men*. They knew every inch of the woods separating Occupied from Unoccupied France.

Marthe reached Nancy without incident. But after a few months of work she had to pack her valise again. Someone had tipped off the Germans; security police were hunting for her.

She decided to head back into Unoccupied France. One night, she joined a small, tense band of men and women led by two *passports*. They walked warily. Any sudden break of a small twig might be enough to set nearby dogs to barking. The *passports* seemed to know just where to go. No twigs, no brittle leaves, just soft and silent loam.

Suddenly the *passports* and the twelve men and women who were smuggling themselves across the artificial frontier stopped. The ugly sound of bellowing police dogs grated against the silence. At once searchlights seemed to leap in the group from out of nowhere. Hoarse, guttural shouts in German competed with the dogs' shrill whistles. In a moment the German patrol had the little group surrounded. There was nothing to do but look at the grinning *bocke*, look at their pointing rifles, and wait.

Marthe had a phony identity card. As long as her face wasn't recognized, she was relatively safe. The burly Gestapo officer conducting the interrogation looked at her appraisingly.

"Ala, and what is your excuse? The bread is better on the other side?"

Marthe gave him a sullen look. "I wanted to see my lover. I miss him."

"Aren't there enough capable lovers on our side of the fence?"

"None like him."

"Well, love is always costly. Didn't you know that? You will find out, *fraulein*."

Marthe found out. Along with the other captives she was sent to Paris and jailed. That in itself didn't bother her. Only the fact that they might suddenly find out she was Marthe Richard kept her awake nights.

But she was lucky. No thorough check was made. After seven days the Germans decided she was harmless and released her. But now her usefulness in the Resistance was at an end. She sat out the last year of the war in Megeve.

Megeve was, and is, a well-known ski-

resort in the Alps. Marthe saw a spectacle that turned her stomach. The place was crawling with pretty, young Frenchwomen and their Nazi lovers. It was an even trade: simulated passion in exchange for adequate food and a few pathetic little luxuries.

The events Marthe saw in Mergue were highly significant in view of her later campaign against prostitution. Those Nazi lovers soon became bored with their original mistresses and looked around for new companions. The girl who had fallen from favor would scrounge desperately for a new lover to keep her. If she was lucky, she made it. If not—more often the case—she wound up as a real prostitute, desperate to take on any man for a few francs or a cheap meal.

Among Marthe Richard's personal effects is an imposing-looking document that reads as follows: *The President of the United States of America has directed me to express the gratitude and appreciation of the American people for the gallant service in assisting the escape of Allied soldiers from the enemy.* Marthe has plenty of other citations, accumulated as a result of her activities in two world wars. In 1945, by any ordinary standards, it was high time for her to settle down. Instead, she became a stormy town councillor of Paris.

Marthe had always shown herself to be an ardent feminist. Now she felt called upon to do something about the "plight of women." One of her first acts as town councillor she improved conditions in La Petite Roquette, the women's prison of Paris. Next her crusading trail took her to the Hospital St. Lazare, where ill and homeless girls were treated. Interviewing them, Marthe discov-

ered that a large percentage came from brothels. Logically, the brothels themselves were her next target.

That attempt to poison her was one of several last-ditch efforts made by the *milieu*. The Resistance increased its vigil over her, but could do nothing about legal maneuvers. Marthe was falsely accused of having perpetrated a swindle in connection with another matter. She was accused of holding office illegally, since her last marriage had been to a foreigner. She faced court proceedings in both cases. But the *milieu* expected Marthe to quit, it was mistaken.

In fact, she hit harder. She made peremptory demands upon the Prefect of Police: "The bordellos must be closed. The act of soliciting must be prohibited. Bars and cafes must not be allowed to the prostitutes operate within their premises. Hotels must be forbidden to rent rooms by the hour."

She wanted more. She wanted a special Police des Moeurs (Vice Squad) to enforce the proposed new regulations.

She didn't forget the prostitutes themselves. "They must not simply be kicked out into the streets. It is up to us to provide centers for their reeducation."

ON April 13, 1946, they passed the memorable and much-maligned Law 46,685, later extended to cover all of France, which abolished the legal houses of prostitution that had flourished for 726 years.

At this point the story of Marthe Richard and the bordellos of Paris should end. But she wouldn't let it. An incredulous populace heard from her again in 1952—and could hardly believe its collective ears.


Marthe had completely reversed her stand. In speeches, interviews, and a book called *L'Appel des Sexes*, she admitted that her great experiment was a failure. There were more prostitutes than ever, and most of them were walking the streets, where they were harder to control.

"The situation has become intolerable. We have reopened the *maisons de tolerance*," she stated. And added a little gem: a suggestion: "The girls should be considered some kind of social workers."

THIS time, however, Marthe's eloquence did no good. She was no longer in public office, and other women had taken up the anti-sin cudgel. The bordellos remained closed.

"No one understood what I was trying to do," wailed Marthe. "I'm not against sex, with or without love. But it should be free. I am convinced that free love is the only solution." Then, at the age of 63, this spirited redhead came up with a proposal that startled even the most worldly Frenchmen. "There should be government-subsidized houses and hotels where men and women would meet. All sorts of women would go to them, not merely former prostitutes." And as a clincher, reported by the *New York Daily News* on April 26, 1952, Marthe Richard exclaimed: "Love should be free in every country. America could use a plan like mine!"

With that she retired from public life. She is still living in France today—this up, Resistance fighter, and wrecker of bordellos. Presumably, she is awaiting the age of free love for every man and woman. END



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### 10—Do the Russians celebrate Christmas?

Yes and no Christmas is observed in churches by special services, but Christmas is not a holiday recognized by the government, because of its religious nature. However, the Soviet New Year incorporates a number of the non-religious features of Christmas in the Christian world. Just before the end of the year Russians buy pine trees which they carry or drag home on a sled. The trees are decorated with tinsel, colored balls, and a variety of small painted metal figures and objects including snowmen, children, parachutists, clocks, vegetables, and tea kettles. Stores are gaily decorated. Colored letters spell out *Snowman Godum*—literally, "With the New Year," the Russian form greeting of "Happy New Year." There are large, bright cutouts of Grandfather Frost, the Russian counterpart of Santa Claus or Saint Nicholas. In Russia he has a companion, *Snegurochka*—Snow Maiden—a gay, smiling, red-cheeked ten-year-old girl in white fur boots, coat, and hat.

### 11—What do Russians do on a night-out on the town?

Well, Moscow can not be considered a gay town of uproarious nightlife in the style of say Paris or New York, but there's certainly enough doing to keep a Russian entertained. Movies are popular. However it takes some standing in line to purchase tickets. The reason is that there are all too few movie houses. The Soviet Government has devoted its resources to building factories rather than theatres. Consequently, there are said to be no more movie houses in Moscow now than there were 40 years ago at the time of the Revolution.

There is nothing which compares with our American nightclubs although there are a dozen restaurants in Moscow which have dancing in the evening. One has an all-girl dance band. There are no floor shows although at the *Sovetskaya Hotel*—the most expensive nightclub with a ten-dollar cover charge—there is a singer of soulful songs.

There's a circus performing nightly. There are a great number of government theaters where plays are performed. The old classics like Chekhov and Tolstoy are excellent. The newer plays are pretty well loaded with Communist messages. The ballet at the Bolshoi Theater is always a treat.

### 12—How are Russians induced to move to Siberia or are they forced to move?

Russians are not forced by actual physical coercion to move to Siberia and other remote and rugged sections of the vast Soviet Union. But just about every other form of "persuasion" short of physical force is employed. In a way it's like the experience of many GI's who recall that "volunteering" was not always completely voluntary.

By the way, it must be pointed out that the concept of Siberia as a barren land of prison camps and slave labor is no longer entirely true. The men who succeeded Stalin have released many millions from behind barbed wire for a number of reasons, including the fact that forced labor is often inefficient and uneconomical. There still are persons, tried by Soviet courts for crimes, who are sentenced to corrective labor, and presumably some of them are sent to camps in Siberia. But there are also many hundreds of thousands of people who have moved out to Siberia comparatively voluntarily. Vast acreage in new farms—actually an acre equal to one-fifth the total farm land in America—has recently been cultivated. More than half-a-million people were induced by the state and by social pressures (constant lectures and badgering) to go to Siberia. In addition, the government offered the inducements of free railroad fare, a





## Speech

family is fortunate enough to have one).

The principal youth club is quite different from any in the United States. It's the "Komsomol"—the Young Communist League. Communist ideology is taught. Komsomol members participate in drives to collect scrap metal for the Government. Meetings are held in which youngsters are encouraged to indulge in self-criticism—a sort of confession of errors in thinking and conduct. There are more familiar activities also. Dances are held. There are groups for stamp collectors, and chess players. Most Komsomol clubs have a band or choral group.

## 25—How prevalent is advertising in Russia?

Advertising plays quite a different role in Russia than in America. Basically, in America an advertiser tries to convince the public to buy his product rather than that of a competing manufacturer. In Russia there is just one manufacturer—the Soviet Government. The Soviet Government owns all means of production, all factories. Thus, there's only one manufacturer of vitamin pills; just one owner of taxi cabs, just one airline; just one owner of restaurants. As the only owner, the Government is the only advertiser.

Advertising's function in the Soviet Union is supposed to be to *inform* people about products, to tell them what's available, and why they should buy, say, tomato juice. Why it's to their advantage to ride taxis rather than walk. What movies are playing.

There's much less advertising in Russia than in America. There are fewer neon signs. There are advertisements in only one Moscow newspaper and no advertisements in magazines, on TV, or on the radio—all of which the government owns.

## 26—Are letters received in Russia from America being censored?

There's evidence that letters from America are read, but not censored in the sense of any words being deleted or altered. I'm referring to letters from the United States received by Russians or by Americans who reside in Russia (such as diplomats and news correspondents). However, letters received by most tourists on a short visit in Russia ordinarily are not opened or read. There must be spot checking of letters, and mail received by any tourist with a security-sensitive job back home would certainly be opened, but the ordinary short-term visitor's mail probably is left untouched.

## 27—How much time is given for vacation in factories?

Russians are guaranteed vacation time by law (in most cases from two to four weeks), and shortly after the Revolution, in 1919, Lenin ordered that the confiscated mansions and palaces of the czars and the rich in favorable locations be converted into vacation resorts. "Sanatoria" and "rest homes" are rather unenthusiastic Soviet words for describing such resorts.

Besides vacation time, there are four holidays that are days off for the Soviet worker: the Revolution Anniversary on November 7, Constitution Day on December 5, May Day on the first of May, and

# Bass Fishermen Will Say I'm Crazy... until they try my method!

But, after an honest trial, if you're at all like the other men to whom I've told my strange plan, you'll guard it with your last breath.

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The whole method can be learned in twenty minutes—twenty minutes of fascinating teaching. All the attire equipment you need, you can buy locally at a cost of less than a dollar. Yet with it, you can come in after an hour or two of the greatest excitement of your life, with a stringer full. Not one of two miserable 12 or 14 inch over-sized keepers—but five or six real bass with real poundage behind them. The kind that don't need a word of explanation of the professional skill of the man who caught them. Absolutely legal, too—in every state.

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and pull in ferocious big ones while they come home empty handed. No special skill is required. The method is just as deadly in the hands of a novice as in the hands of an old timer. My method will be disclosed only to those men in each area who will give me their word of honor not to give the method to any one else.

Send me your name. Let me tell you how you can try out this deadly method of bringing in big bass from your local waters. Let me tell you why I let you try out my unusual method for the whole fishing season without risking a penny of your money. Send your name for details of my money-back trial offer. There is no charge for this information, now or at any other time. Just your name is all I need. But I guarantee that the information I send you will make you a complete skeptic—until you decide to try my method! And then, your own catches will fill you with disbelief. Send your name, today. This will be last.

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Eric W. Fare, Highland Park 48, Illinois

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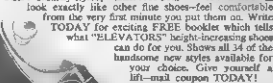
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Physicians and dentists are trained at government expense at government institutes and then are paid salaries by the government when assigned to hospitals or polyclinics. Each neighborhood and factory and office has a polyclinic to which people living or working there are assigned. If ill, a Russian goes to his polyclinic and is treated. If he's too ill to go to the clinic, a doctor from the clinic comes to him. There's no charge for this.

However, if the Russian is dissatisfied or wants a particular specialist's diagnosis or treatment he may go to that doctor or have that doctor come to him. On the average, 25 rubles (about \$2.50) is the charge for such special treatment.

As for the quality of medical care, American physicians who have visited Russia have found the Russians a quarter century behind the U.S.A. in some medical techniques, but ahead in others. In general there is greater concentration on mass medicine than on spending time on an individual's particular problems.

33—Do Russian Savings Banks pay interest and at what percentage? Is there insurance?

On a savings account which permits you to withdraw any part of your account at any time, the interest paid is two percent. In other type of account can only be withdrawn all at once, not in small sums. That pays three percent interest.

In visiting a small Moscow neighborhood bank operated by the Ministry of Finance I was interested to see there ~~a~~ only one slip for both deposits and withdrawals. One side, printed in blue, is for deposits; the other side, printed ~~a~~ red, for withdrawals.

There is only one seller of insurance in Russia—the government. In the United States there are more than 1300 companies selling life insurance alone. Russians may insure their lives, they may insure their property and possessions against fire, but there is no insurance sold against theft. Officials believe ■ would only serve to encourage robbery, ■ policies covered losses by theft

34—Does Russia have any national or state histories and if so, what are the prices?

Interval lotteries are conducted by the Republic Governments (the U.S.S.R. is composed of fifteen so-called Republics); Soviet citizens are encouraged to buy tickets. One Russian Republic lottery offered tickets at five rubles (50 cents) each. The prizes were worth 400 million rubles (\$40,000,000) and the government realized 60 million rubles (\$6,000,000) profit.

Chances are sold at tables set up on sidewalks; sometimes a Moskovitch car is displayed on the pavement as bait. An advertisement in a Riga newspaper of a lottery conducted by the Latvian administration read:

<sup>a</sup>In this lottery 250,000 winning numbers will be drawn for 8,000,000 rubles.

'Among the value prizes are cars—Lobas and Volgas—motorcycles, motor-cycles, television sets, radio sets, combination radio-tape reco refrigerators cameras, washing machines, sewing ma-

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chines, bicycles, and other valuables. A ticket costs five rubles. It can be bought everywhere: at places of work, at savings banks, at stores, and newsstands."

### 35—How are doctors trained in Russia?

Doctors are trained at state medical schools. Their period of training is five years in general medicine. If the young physician shows promise, he or she (80 percent of Soviet doctors are women) may be sent to another medical institution for specialized training. Otherwise, state authorities will assign the newly graduated doctor to a clinic or hospital in a section of the country where he is needed. Doctors, like graduates of other Soviet colleges, are required to work for at least three years in a job assigned by the authorities.

### 36—Are college students subsidized by the government in Russia?

Students who maintain at least a three average receive an allowance from the state known as a "stipend." (Let me explain here that Soviet students are marked "five," "four," "three," "two," and "one." Five is the highest mark and would be the equivalent of an "A" grade.) The amount of the stipend varies with the student's marks and increases with each year of a student's course. Roughly it runs from 300 to 700 rubles (\$30 to \$70) a month.

An excellent (all fives) student in the freshman year would receive 360 rubles (\$36) a month, and in his final year the student, maintaining his high marks, would get 700 rubles monthly.

All books required for courses are available in the university library, but a student may wish to use part of his stipend to purchase his own. Books are reasonably priced and seldom more than fifteen rubles (\$1.50) a copy. Students who live at home usually use their stipends as spending money for clothes, movies, theater, newspapers, and occasional meals eaten out.

### 37—How does Moscow compare with an American city of its size, such as New York or Chicago, as to atmosphere, night life, recreational facilities?

That's a big question, but I'll try to answer it briefly. Moscow's atmosphere is serious. More so than New York or Chicago, because there's so little apparent gaiety among people on the streets. Also, Moscow's predominant color is a depressing grey, with the exception of a few areas of the city.

Moscow looks a lot older than any American city and it is—it's well over 800 years old. Many buildings are ancient but there are skyscrapers, nine of them, scattered through this city of six million people. The Kremlin-Red Square area is the only really beautiful section. There are a number of very wide avenues and, although there's much less traffic than in an American city (mostly trucks at that), there is a great deal of bustle and many people hurrying along crowded sidewalks.

As for nightlife, there's very little. A number of restaurants have orchestras, but now there are no nightclubs or bars. Places close about one a.m. when the subway stops running.

As for recreational facilities, there are

a number of public parks which have amusement rides and public dances which are very popular. Soccer matches and other sports are well attended. There are clubs for writers, artists, workers where meetings are held and, of course, tournaments of chess are held.

### 38—Describe the typical Russian dinner.

A full course meal in Russia is hearty whatever the weather. If you are invited to lunch or dinner chances are your meal will begin with an assortment of cold dishes including salmon, cucumber salad, chicken salad, radishes, and of course caviar. Visitors have been known to assume mistakenly this is the entire meal and to conserve no appetite for the courses that follow. Next will come a big bowl of soup, then a meat course, a dessert which probably will be ice cream, and finally tea or coffee and fruit. Sometimes there's a fish course before or after the soup.

### 39—How are Jews treated in Russia?

It's fair to say that anti-semitism does exist in Russia. It's by no means a national policy as it was, say, in Germany under Hitler. But anti-semitism has a long history from czarist times in Russia, and it still prevails in the minds of many Russians.

During Stalin's time there was the so-called "Doctors' Plot" when certain Jewish doctors were accused of plotting to kill members of the government. This was taken as a signal for anti-semitism to come to the surface. Many Jews lost their jobs and some were forced to leave Moscow. With Stalin's death this anti-semitic policy has been revoked.

Although anti-semitism is forbidden by Soviet law it is practiced as are other forms of racial and religious discrimination. It is known that institutions of higher education in the U.S.S.R. have "quotas" on the number of Jews admitted. Institutes that train people for Soviet diplomatic service are closed to Jews and so are high posts in the military services. Each Soviet citizen has to carry a passport—an identity card. The identification of a "Jew" is marked.

There used to be 100 synagogues in the city of Kiev before the Revolution. Now there is only one. Similarly, there is no Jewish newspaper or Hebrew alphabet printing press.

### 40—Is there juvenile delinquency in Russia?

Juvenile delinquency certainly does exist in the Soviet Union. The Russians publish no statistics on the subject, but there are frequent newspaper editorials denouncing youngsters who refuse to work and who get into trouble by stealing and other acts of "hooliganism," a favorite Russian word.

The Russians try to combat juvenile delinquency through their Communist youth organization "Komsomol," and by severe jail sentences for offenders.

A good yardstick for any particular problem in Russia is the extent to which it's mentioned in newspapers. And juvenile delinquency and teen-age crime are mentioned a good deal. There are cases of youngsters' stealing, of terrorizing people in trollies; recently there was an account with photo-

graphs of a group of boys who got drunk and beat up people in a park. One of the boys, the Soviet paper reported, had tattooed on his arm the inscription: "Why is there no vodka on the moon?"

#### 41—Do Russians travel about their country?

Yes, Russians do travel around their immense country. Much of their travel, as is the case with inhabitants of other countries, is on vacation. Certain cities and areas are off-limits even for Russians, but Soviet citizens may travel freely in other regions. However, if a Russian stays more than three days away from his residence, he must register with the local police of the town.

Many Russians make vacation trips to the Black Sea shore or to the Baltic coast. Some travel to Soviet lakes, the most spectacular being Lake Baykal, in Soviet Asia, the deepest lake in the world. Side-wheel ships on Russia's great rivers are crowded with vacationists. The fortunate few who own cars take motor trips. The wild Caucasus Mountains are a popular vacation place; month-long hiking parties are organized by sports clubs and trade-union officials.

#### 42—Do Russian youths get army training?

The subject of the draft or of compulsory Army-training is never mentioned in Soviet newspapers. Unlike the United States, there is no published figure in the Soviet Union of the size of the Army, or of the number of men taken into the Army at any time.

However, in conversations with Russians I've been told that when a young man reaches the age of 18 he is called before the appropriate authorities. There's no need to register, as in the U.S., because every Soviet citizen already is registered and carries an identity card at all times. If the 18-year-old is in school or has a job of any importance, he is exempt from the Army. Others go in for three years.

#### 43—Is there much drug addiction in Russia?

I've never seen anything published in the Soviet Union about drug addiction. If it were a prevalent problem it almost certainly would be mentioned at some time or another, as is true of drunkenness and graft and other problems which worry the Russians.

#### 44—Do Russian newspapers have any sort of "voice of the people," letters from readers, gripe columns?

Yes, letters to the editor form a regular and popular feature of most Soviet newspapers. Letters from readers are a favorite technique for presenting the views of Soviet authorities. It gives the opinion an air of popular spontaneity. You will never read a letter-to-the-editor that contradicts the editorials—and thus the Communist Party—view.

Of course, letters are screened, but some of the letters which are printed reveal usually unpublicized aspects of Russian life. For example, *Pravda*, the Communist Par-

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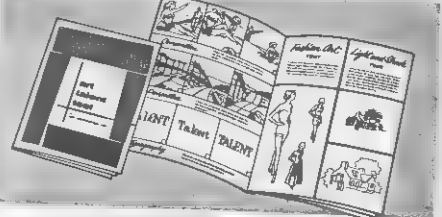


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But it wouldn't be a pushover. There were 16 or 18 Germans on the forecastle. And, except for Dood and Bert and me, the Americans on that portion of the *Buckley* were either dead or wounded. Worse, more Germans were trying to crawl aboard.

What had happened was obvious. We hadn't rammed the U-boat broadside, a feat which would have crushed and sunk it immediately. Instead the sub's skipper had hastily maneuvered his boat to an angle so that our bow struck it obliquely. The result had been that the German sub had suffered no mortal wounds.

The German skipper had ordered his men to board the *Buckley* with, I assumed, the intention of seizing her. That caper, if successful, would not only be a 14-carat humiliation for the U.S. Navy, but it would raise Germany's stock out of all proportion to the deed.

Meanwhile Bert and Dood and I ran into the forward gun turret. The waist-high steel bulkhead of the turret gave us a degree of physical protection and a big psychological lift—a man in close combat feels more secure behind something.

Then the Germans, some of whom must have been able to understand the PA's orator, pulled what they figured would be a clever ambush. Three of them ran to each side of the forward hatch. They stood with Lugers in their hands, ready to mow down the first of the American who came out. Dood and I each dropped one of them.

The other Germans, though, ran down the deck—apparently heading for the bridge. Dood and Bert shot three of them. The others, suddenly aware that the honeymoon was over, turned and raced back onto the forecastle where they got out of sight behind various objects.

While that was going on, Dood concentrated on the forward end of the fore-

castle—trying to prevent reinforcements from the sub from climbing aboard. Though he only killed two Germans—drilling each of them in his face as he raised his head over the deck—his marksmanship paid greater dividends; no other German felt like sticking his puss over the deckline.

Then the *Buckley* screws went into full speed reverse and the ship lurched slightly backward from the sub.

The survivors of the boarding party, suddenly aware that the *Buckley* was under way in reverse, ran for the rail. Four of them, leaped overboard; two didn't make it. The rail Bert dropped one with a slug in his spine. I fired at the other but the Luger's pin clicked; the gun was empty. I threw it at the running German and missed.

There were still five Germans on the forecastle. They raised their hands over their heads and the battle of the boarding party, which had lasted two and one half minutes, was over.

But we had paid a bloody price for the defeat of our unwanted guests, and the U-boat was still afloat. So the score was heavy damage to both vessels, plus plenty of casualties, plus a no-decision outcome. As naval engagements go, it had been a pretty dismal affair.

Luckily for us, though—perhaps because the U-boat's tubes were damaged from the ramming or perhaps because the sub was badly undermined—we got out of its torpedo range without having to dodge a single enemy fish.

WE lobbed a few shells in the direction of the still-surfaced enemy while we were spreading the distance between us. But we didn't score; clouds had overcast the moon and we didn't use our floodlight for fear of attracting fire from the sub's deck gun.

When we were beyond torpedo range Commander Abel began to interrogate the five prisoners. Four of them were kids of about 18 or 19. They talked glibly. But the fifth was an English-speaking chief petty officer. He was about 35, mustached, blond, tall and intelligent in appearance—but arrogant and smug.

When Commander Abel asked his name, rank and serial number—the information a POW was, by the Geneva treaty, expected to give his captors—he smirked and said, "I have nothing to say. You waste your breath." He glanced around arrogantly, studying each man. When his eyes fell on Dood he stared at him for a moment. Then he said, condescendingly, "So . . . the Americans are so hard pressed that they must use black men on their warships?" He chuckled and added, "The Führer was right" . . . America is a nation of mongrels."

Commander Abel said angrily, "Listen, you phony superman, you . . ." Then his anger faded and he grinned mischievously and turned to Dood. "I've been inspired by an idea, sailor," he said. "You're aware, of course, that the Germans believe that various races, including yours, are inferior to the so-called Aryans. So let's prove" . . . this character that the theory of Aryan supremacy is as weak as Hitler's brain. After we sink the U-boat, I'd like to stage a bout between you and superman—boxing or wrestling, superman's choice—just to show him who is inferior to whom."

Dood grinned and agreed to the bout. We shouted and yelled happily. None of us

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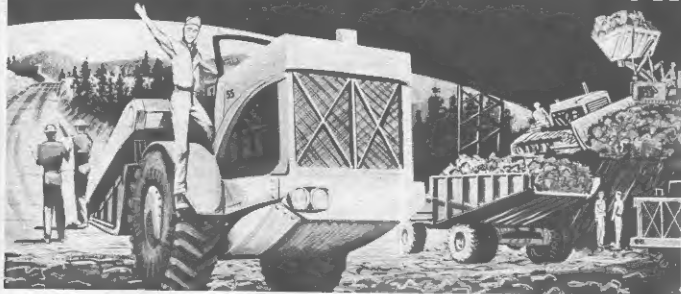
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**DOES SPARE TIME WORK**—Early in his training, Emerson A. Breda of Tacoma, Washington, started doing Radio servicing. Not long after, he tackled TV work. Without advertising, he made \$3,500 last year in his spare time and now has a shop as completely equipped as you would want for a full time business. He says, "The training I received from NRI is the backbone of my progress."



**"THE FINEST JOB I EVER HAD"** is what Thomas Bilak, Jr., of Cayuga, N.Y. says of his present position with the GE Advanced Electronics Center at Cornell University. Shortly after he enrolled with NRI, Mr. Bilak went to work at General Electric as a mechanical inspector in Quality Control. As he advanced in knowledge through the NRI course, he advanced in his job, becoming a Quality Control Analyst. What has NRI meant to him? In his own words, "My wife, our four children and I realize the value of the NRI diploma and the important part NRI has played in our lives."



**FROM FACTORY LABORER TO HIS OWN BUSINESS** that rang up sales of \$158,000 last year. That's the success NRI graduate William P. Kline of Cincinnati, Ohio has had. Much of the capital to build his business came from spare-time Radio-TV Servicing. About NRI he says, "The course got me started on the road, gave me purpose, and opened my eyes to what I could work for."



**ENGINEER AND ANNOUNCER, STATION WAUC** is the position now held by graduate Van W. Workman, Wauchula, Florida. He feels that if he had failed to enroll with NRI he may never have gotten anywhere. "NRI is a wonderful school that really helped me get ahead. . . . I was with station WBOB when I was just nineteen years old, and later served over 3½ years with WHPE. I think this is proof enough for any young man that his future can be secure if he will give the time to prepare for it."



**NOW FOREMAN FOR ELECTRONICS FIRM**—Even before finishing his NRI course, Thomas R. Favalaro obtained a position with Technical Appliance Corp., Shelburne, N. Y. In a short time he was promoted to Chief of Quality Control. Recently he became Foreman in charge of all Government and Communications Divisions. He credits NRI courses in these words: "It would be very hard for me to describe just how much your course has done toward securing this position. As far as I am concerned, it is responsible for my whole future."

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